THE

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE,

OR

LITERARY MISCELLANY,

FOR *OCTOBER* 1800.

With a View of LOCH TAY, *in the Shire of* Breadalbane.

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State of the BAROMETER, in inches and decimals, and of Farenheit's THERMOMETER in the open air, taken in the morning before sun-rise, and at noon; and the quantity of rain-water fallen in inches and decimals, from Sept. 26. to Nov. 25. 1800, in the vicinity of Edinburgh.

1800. Sept.	Barom.	Thermom. M	Thermom. N.	Rain. In. Pts.	Weather.
26	29.61	50	64	0.1591	Rain
27	29.325	50	50	0.081	Ditto
28	29.423	45	53	——	Clear
29	29.2	50	53	0.051	Rain
30	29.0815	45	53	0.0531	Ditto
Oct. 1	29.331	39	53	——	Clear
2	29.03	50	60	0.02	Showers
3	29.031	47	55	0.031	Ditto
4	29 205	47	57	——	Clear
5	29.4	43	53	——	Ditto
6	29.42	38	53	——	Cloudy
7	29.31	38	51	0.8151	Rain
8	29.	50	54	0.11	Ditto
9	28.215	45	48	0.159	Ditto
10	28.215	40	45	0.12	Ditto
11	29.421	44	52	0.01	Showers
12	29.841	40	52	——	Clear
13	29.7	46	54	0 0751	Rain
14	29.681	52	52	0.0511	Ditto
15	29.761	44	53	——	Clear
16	30.11	39	53	——	Ditto
17	30.05	47	52	——	Ditto
18	30.041	50	58	——	Ditto
19	30.06	49	59	——	Ditto
20	29.8	48	55	——	Ditto
21	29.411	50	55	0.02	Showers
22	29 751	35	45	——	Clear
23	29.91	46	53	——	Ditto
24	29.755	47	50	0.01	Showers
25	29.311	52	57	0.02	Ditto

Quantity of Rain 1.7855

High Water at LEITH, for NOVEMBER 1800.

Days.	Morn. H. M.	Even. H. M.
Sa. 1.	2 29	2 53
Su. 2.	3 16	3 40
M. 3.	4 4	4 30
T. 4.	4 56	5 22
W. 5.	5 46	6 11
Th. 6.	6 36	6 59
Fr. 7.	7 26	7 49
Sa. 8.	8 14	8 37
Su. 9.	9 1	9 24
M. 10.	9 47	10 11
T. 11.	10 34	10 57
W. 12.	11 20	11 48
Th. 13.	——	0 5
Fr. 14.	0 30	0 54
Sa. 15.	1 23	1 50
Su. 16.	2 22	2 54
M. 17.	3 25	3 59
T. 18.	4 34	5 9
W. 19.	5 37	6 15
Th. 20.	6 42	7 12
Fr. 21.	7 37	8 5
Sa. 22.	8 25	8 50
Su. 23.	9 12	9 34
M. 24.	9 55	10 17
T. 25.	10 37	10 57
W. 26.	11 20	11 40
Th. 27.	0 1	——
Fr. 28.	0 27	0 50
Sa. 29.	1 12	1 35
Su. 30.	2 1	2 24

MOON.

	D.	H.	M.	
Full Moon	1.	1	45	Even.
Laſt Qrtr	9.	6	24	Even.
N. Moon	16.	7	36	Even.
Firſt Qrtr.	23.	10	31	Morn.

OBSERVATIONS

Nov. 4. King William's birth,
5. Gunpowder Plot
11. Martinmas

Nov. 12. Court of Seſſion ſits
22. St Cecilia
30. St Andrew

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DESCRIPTION OF THE VIEW.

LOCH TAY is a beautiful lake, 15 miles long, and from one to two broad. In many places it is ſaid to be a hundred fathoms deep. On a ſmall iſland, near Kenmore, a neat village on the eaſtern part of the Loch, ſtand the ruins of a Priory, which was dependant on the religious eſtabliſhment of Scone. This priory was founded by Alexander the Firſt of Scotland, who depoſited in it the remains of his queen Sybill, the natural daughter of Henry the Firſt of England. Loch Tay abounds with ſalmon, pike, and ſeveral other kinds of fiſh. The water of this lake, has, at times, ſuffered violent and unaccountable agitations; particularly on Sunday the 12th of September 1784, about nine in the morning. Near the village of Kenmore is a river which iſſues from the lake, on the north ſide, and a bay of about 460 yards in length and 200 in breadth on the ſouth. The greater part of this bay is very ſhallow, only two or three feet deep, but before it joins the body of the lake it ſuddenly becomes very deep. At the extremity of this bay, the water was obſerved to retire about 15 feet within its ordinary boundary, and, in four or five minutes, to flow out again. In this manner it ebbed and flowed ſucceſſively three or four times in the ſpace of 15 minutes, when, all at once, the water ruſhed from the Eaſt and Weſt, in oppoſite currents, towards a line acroſs the bay, and about the edge of the deep roſe in the form of a great wave, to the height of five feet above the ordinary level, leaving the bottom of the bay dry to the diſtance of between 270 and 300 feet from its natural boundary. When the oppoſite currents met, they made a claſhing noiſe and foamed; and the ſtronger impulſe being from the Eaſt, the wave, after riſing to its greateſt height, rolled weſtward, but ſlowly diminiſhing as it went, for the ſpace of five minutes, when it wholly diſappeared. As the wave ſubſided, the water flowed back with ſome force, and exceeded its original boundary 12 or 15 feet, and again returned, and continued to ebb and flow in this manner for the ſpace of two hours, the ebbings ſucceeding each other at the diſtance of ſeven minutes, and gradually leſſening till the water ſettled into its ordinary level.

On the next, and the four ſucceeding days, an ebbing and flowing was obſerved nearly about the ſame time, and for the ſame length of time, but not in the ſame degree.

On the 13th of July 1794, the Loch experienced agitations of a ſimilar

milar kind, but neither ſo violent nor ſo long continued. An elegant bridge of five arches is built over the Tay where it iſſues from the lake.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ON DEFAMATION.

DEFAMATION is a vice on the nature and eradication of which moraliſts have employed much of their attention, and exerted much of their ingenuity. It is cuſtomary with them to impute it to envy, or the hatred which a little mind feels for what is above its graſp. But though every man is more or leſs envious, and more or leſs inclined to ſcandal; yet I believe envy is not often the principal cauſe of defamation, though a very general concomitant of it. Defamation frequently appears in a mind which is ſo blunted to all ſenſe of ſuperiority, as hardly ever to diſcern it, except when its appearances are moſt evident, and moſt diſtinct; but envy ariſes from a ſenſe of ſuperiority frequently very delicate and refined, and evidently founded on the perverſion of virtuous feelings and moral taſte. Envy is cunning and ſecret; defamation frequently unguarded and unreſerved. Defamation, when it is the reſult of envy, becomes always more ſecret and indirect. As theſe, however, are not its uſual characteriſtics, envy is certainly not its general cauſe.

I was led to theſe reflections by a tea-table converſation, at which I was lately preſent, in which the motives of certain actions were developed with great ſatirical acuteneſs. My attention, however, was principally fixed upon Mrs Gordon, Miſs Gordon, and Lady Caroline Wilmot, an elderly lady. Theſe were indeed the only diſtinct characters there, as the reſt implicitly agreed with them in every reſpect; imitated their manners, retailed their opinions, and boaſted among their equals of their acquaintance.

Mrs Gordon filled up moſt of the converſation, and by her inventive genius, prevented the ſtores of ſcandal from being ſoon exhauſted. It was eaſy to ſee that ſhe always ſpoke with a reference to her own ſuppoſed merit, much of which was merely ſuperficial, and much rather to her diſcredit than honour. She often ſpoke of the difficulty with which ſhe had obtained accurate information reſpecting any ſubject of faſhionable animadverſion. I heard ſince, that ſhe poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſhare of what is commonly called *quick parts*, but that they were ill-directed, by her becoming ſenſible of them too ſoon; that her vanity ſtrengthening with an imagination to which her judgment was by no means equal, had withdrawn her attention from every ſtudy in which ſhe could not ſucceed at once, and confined her attention entirely to that petty information, in which a vacant mind ſoon becomes a preficient.

Vanity is a paſſion which no man is either able or called upon to ſubdue completely. It may be queſtioned, whether there was ever any illuſtrious action performed, in which neither vanity nor ſelf-love had any ſhare. The young are always vain more or leſs, becauſe they are as perfect as they can imagine it poſſible for them to be. Vanity uniformly leſſens, in proportion as any one's notions of excellence are more enlarged. This paſſion is eaſily carried to exceſs, and, when that is the caſe, is the moſt incurable and the moſt dangerous of all paſſions. It was from an ungovernable vanity that Mrs Gordon acquired habits of buſy information, and groundleſs judgment; wiſhing

ing to make a figure, ſhe ſtored her mind with news of every deſcription; and in the indiſcriminate reception which ſhe gave to every fly report, falſehood was frequently mingled with truth, and aggravation frequently uſurped the place of evidence. Her inclination to ſcandal, therefore, aroſe from a deſire of diſtinction; a deſire which is generally ſatisfied with following the faſhionable rotation of actions and opinions, and is never more certain of being gratified with applauſe, as when it is diſguiſed under the appearance of imitation.

Miſs Gordon appeared to me, ſecretly to envy her mother's abilities. With the moſt complete ignorance, ſhe could not bear the thoughts of being a mere cypher in converſation. She therefore had an opinion to give upon every ſubject; and as ſhe had ſeldom taſte to perceive a beauty, ſhe generally perceived a number of blemiſhes. She was at firſt cenſorious, from a defect of moral taſte; and, from cenſuring, ſhe at laſt acquired a habit of defamation. Incapable of reliſhing beauty or virtue, ſhe ſaw nothing but deformity and vice; and fancied that every thing was faulty, becauſe every thing was to her indifferent. Having heard ſomewhere, that all is not gold that glitters, ſhe concluded, that nothing that glitters is gold; and was diſpleaſed with every appearance of ornament, becauſe ſhe had heard that ſome ornaments were meretricious. She had likewiſe heard, or read ſomewhere, that virtue was often nothing but vice diſguiſed by vanity, and therefore condemned every appearance of exalted or public virtue. That peeviſhneſs, which is always felt by thoſe who are not occupied in ſome uſeful employment, was principally exerciſed againſt thoſe who overſtept the faſhionable medium of virtue or uſefulneſs.

Affection, unleſs accompanied with ſome degree of moral taſte, ſoon droops and languiſhes. We muſt love man as a moral agent, or all our love to him, as a ſocial being, will not be very laſting. Neither friendſhip nor philanthropy can be eſtabliſhed on a proper baſis, without virtuous feelings, and a congeniality in the delicate emotions of moral approbation. Miſs Gordon having nothing of that kind to fix her philanthropy, took a kind of pleaſure in vilifying her ſpecies, in collecting and diſſeminating reports to the diſgrace of human nature; and in maliciouſly employing her efforts in blaſting every character.

Lady Caroline had probably reſembled Miſs Gordon in her younger days, but her ignorance had been rendered more intolerable to herſelf, through age, and the conſolations of vanity had been diſpoſſeſſed by the laſſitude of declining nature. Her predominant temper is what we call *liſtleſſneſs*; but which is perhaps as generally known by the French word *ennui*; it may be defined, *a hankering after ſomething to do*. She was rather looked up to as an oracle, than admired; her vanity being thus not only ſatiated with admiration, but precluded from it, ſhe inwardly pined after her former enjoyments, and her former admirers. This ſtate of mind, the moſt painful, perhaps, which can be felt, in which the memory is inceſſantly ſtung with the recollection of paſt pleaſures, and the deſire which all men feel for happineſs is precluded from every preſent comfort, changed the inclination to doating, which Plautus conſiders as natural to the aged, into a ſettled peeviſhneſs and gloom, which preſented to her always the unfavourable ſide of a character.

Action is natural to all men, but particularly to thoſe who are under the influence of any predominant paſſion. On this principle, it is probable that Lady Caroline's ill-nature was, in a great meaſure intended to employ

employ thought, without exercising it. This may be in a great measure the design of those over-strained compliments, of which Tillotson complains, but which continues notwithstanding his remonstrances, to this day. If we consider the influence of words upon us, we will not be surprised that it is sometimes very efficacious, in filling up the vacancies of thought, and that the listless mind comes at last to credit its own delusions, and to feel immoderate joy, friendship, or malignity, merely because it is sensible to no other emotion.

These characters may serve to throw some light upon defamation, the investigation of which is intimately connected with the right government of the temper, and with every enquiry into the progress of refinement, in any nation, particularly as it may, in general, be observed, that in proportion as a nation is more civilized, the more prevalent is defamation. All universal phenomena in human nature, or national manners, must, on account of their influence on every man's character, be universally interesting. As this country has been so much distinguished for didactic poetry, the origin and progress of scandal may, perhaps, afford a fine field for philosophic and poetic genius, in producing a new work, in which defamation may be reduced to one uniform principle, and thence considered in its influence upon national and individual character.

George Street. *S. E.*

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

COPY OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER TO CHARLES THE SECOND*.

SIR,

YOU have drunk deep in the cup of affliction, and we all have pledged you: it is most wholesome, though bitter; but let us pray to God to remove this cup in time, for the dregs and lees thereof are poison: you have learnt, by overwinding the strings of authority, how to tune the people of this monarchy, without breaking your patience hereafter. Most of princes do love unlimited power, which is a sail too great for any vessel of mortality to bear; though it be never so well ballasted with justice, wisdom, moderation, and piety, yet one blast will endanger the oversetting it. Those commonwealths are most stable and pleasing, where the state is so mixed that every man, according to his degree and capacity, hath some interest therein to content him; the king, sovereign command and power; the nobility and gentry, a derivative authority and magistracy, and all enjoy their laws, liberties, and properties. God hath cursed him that removeth the land marks of his neighbour; this is a comprehensive curse; kings enlarging their prerogatives beyond their limits, are not exempted from it. You may be pleased, therefore, to take heed of two sorts of men, most likely to mislead you in this point: First, ambitious lawyers, who teach the law to speak, not what the legislators meant, but what you shall seem to desire: to avoid this snare, suffer your parliament to nominate three men for every judges place, out of which you may please to choose one, as in pricking of sheriffs, for it is the people that are obnoxious to their wickedness; you are above the reach of their malice. The second sort is, parasitical divines; these ear-wigs are always hovering in princes courts, hanging in their ears; they take upon them, to make princes beholden to

* The contractions and spelling are modernized.

their violent wreſting of the text, to beſtow upon them whatever prerogatives the kings of Judah and Iſrael uſed, or uſurped; as if the judicials of Moſes were appointed by God for all commonwealths and kings: as a good biſhoprick or living is fit for every prieſt that can catch it; theſe men, having their beſt hope of preferment from princes, make divinity but an organ on politics, the inſtrument of government, and harden the hearts of princes. Pharoah-like, kings delight to be tickled by ſuch veneral, warrantable flattery. Sir, you have more means to prefer them than other men, therefore they apply themſelves more to you than other men do. *Tu facis hunc dominum te facit ille deum.* The king makes the poor prieſt a biſhop, and rather than he will be behind the king in courteſy, he will flatter him above the condition of a mortal, and make him a god-royal. Sir, permit me to give you this antidote againſt this poiſon, let an act be paſſed, that all ſuch divines, as either by preaching, writing, or diſcourſing, ſhall advance your prerogative and power above the known laws and liberties of the land, forfeit all his eccleſiaſtical preferments, *ipſo facto*, and be incapable ever after, and for ever baniſhed your court; but above all, learn to truſt in your own judgment, *plus aliis de te quam tu tibi credere noli.* God hath enabled you to remember things paſt, to obſerve things preſent, and by comparing them together, to conjecture things to come; which are the three parts of wiſdom, that will much honour and advantage you.

ANECDOTES OF DR ARBUTHNOT *.

1717, 4 Geo. I. IT appears that Arbuthnot had this year, in conjunction with Pope, a ſhare in the unſucceſsful comedy of "Three hours after Marriage;" a piece, which, with ſuch a combination of wit and talents to bring it forth, ſeems not to have had ſtrength enough for repreſentation †, nor ſince to have been worthy revival.

1726, 8 Nov. 13 Geo. I. Mentions a droll incident or two on the publication of Gulliver's Travels, among which are the two following, very ſingular:

"Lord Scarborough is no inventor of ſtories; told Dr Arbuthnott, that he fell in company with the maſter of a ſhip, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver, but that the printer had miſtaken, that he lived in Wapping, not at Rotherhithe; the other is, that the Doctor lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to ſearch for Lilliput."

1726, 13 Geo. I. The Doctor in his letter rallies the Dean on his ſuppoſed neglect of him, and obſerves that the Gaſcoigne aſked to ſpeak only one word with the French king, which the Grand Monarch confining him to do, he brought a paper, ſaid *Signez*, and not a word more; relates to the dean the danger Pope had been in of the hazard of his life, from a nar-

* From Smith's Iconographia Scotica.

† It ſeems the farce, "Three Hours after Marriage," ſaid to be written by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, had been acted ſoon after the acceſſion of George I. with ſo little ſucceſs, that Cibber and Mrs Oldfield were both ſeverely hooted by the audience. One of the moſt unfortunate incidents in this comedy was, introducing into a phyſician's houſe, two lovers of his wife, in the ſhapes of a mummy and a crocodile; this Colley ridiculed in his character of Bayes in the Rehearſal; which occaſioned a very ſerious quarrel between Pope, Cibber, and Gay. See Davies's Dram. Miſcell. iii. 320, 321.

a narrow eſcape of being drowned, whereby he was much hurt.—

1732-3, 13 January, 6 Geo. II. Gay the poet, who departed this life 4th December 1732, died univerſally lamented by almoſt every body, even by thoſe who knew him only in reputation; he was interred in Weſtminſter Abbey, as if he had been a peer of the realm, and the good Duke of Queenſberry, who lamented him as a brother, will ſet up a handſome monument upon him. Arbuthnott believes the Beggar's Opera, and what he had to come upon the ſtage, will make the ſum of the diverſions for ſome time to come. Curl has been writing letters to every body for memoirs of his life; Arbuthnott was for ſending him ſome, particularly an account of Gay's diſgrace at court, which he was ſure might have been made entertaining, by which the Doctor ſays, he ſhould have attained two ends at once, publiſhed truth, and got a raſcal whipped for it; but he was overruled in it. The preſent writer takes leave to add another anecdote of Curl: he was a client of old Salkeld, an attorney, with whom Sir Philip Yorke, the late Lord Chancellor Harwicke, ſerved his clerkſhip; during which time he frequented his maſter's houſe, and was at times lighted out by him. This impudent bookſeller had an hearing in Chancery, at which time Yorke was Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, reſpecting ſome pirated book, in which traffic he dealt pretty largely; Curl attended the cauſe, and took great pains, by grimaces and odd geſtures, to attract the notice of the Chancellor: at laſt Lord Hardwicke aſked him who he was? "My name "is Curl, pleaſe your honour: do you "not remember," ſays he, "that I "uſed to viſit your maſter Salkeld, "in Bell Court, and that he uſed to "call out to you, when I was going "away—Here, Phil, take the candle "and light Mr Curl down ſtairs?"

The following lines were ſung by Duraſtanti (or Cuzzoni) when ſhe took her leave of the Engliſh ſtage; the words were, in haſte, put together by Mr Pope, at the earneſt requeſt of the Earl of Peterborough.

Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land ſecure from all invaſion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh, who would run,
Who would leave you for the ſun?
Happy ſoil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.

In arms, in arts be ſtill more ſhining;
All your joys be ſtill encreaſing;
All your taſtes be ſtill refining;
All your joys for ever ceaſing;
But her old charmers yield to new;
Happy ſoil, adieu, adieu!

A Burleſque of the above Lines by Dr Arbuthnott.

Puppies, whom I now am learning,
Merry ſometimes, always mad,
Who laviſh moſt when debts are craving,
On fool, and farce, and maſquerade!
Who would not from ſuch bubbles run,
And leave ſuch bleſſings for the ſun?
Happy ſoil, and ſimple crew!
Let old ſharpers yield to new.

All your taſtes be ſtill refining;
All your nonſenſe ſtill more ſhining;
Bleſt in ſome Berenſtod or Boſchi,
He more awkward, he more huſky;
And never want, when theſe are loſt us,
Another Heidegger or Fauſtus,
Happy ſoil, and ſimple crew!
Let old ſharpers yield to new!
Bubbles all, adieu, adieu!

ANECDOTE OF MULEY, EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

MULEY, an emperor of Morocco, is ſuppoſed, with his own hands, to have butchered 40,000 of his people. His right to ſhed human blood being eſtabliſhed by the prieſthood, his ſubjects were greedy for death: they were taught to believe, he ſent them forthwith to paradiſe. When he mounted his horſe, he always decapitated the ſlave who held the ſtirrup, and many have been ſeen to ſtruggle for this gracious favour.

ON

ON THE DARK AGES OF CHRISTIAN EUROPE *.

(Continued from our laſt, p. 176.)

THERE were no crimes in theſe periods, however enormous, but what might be expiated by purchaſed abſolutions, or by pilgrimages; murders and pollutions of all kinds were thus abſolved, and few thought themſelves ſafe, or ſecure of the joys of heaven, without having paid their devotions at the ſhrines of St. Peter and St. Paul; for ſuch reaſons," ſays Dr Henry, "kings, queens, nobles, prelates, monks, nuns, ſaints and ſinners, wiſe men and fools, were impatient to undertake theſe religious journies; and all the roads between Rome and England were conſtantly crowded with Engliſh pilgrims. It appears, indeed, that the morals of theſe ſuperſtitious vagabonds, eſpecially of the ladies, were not much improved by theſe peregrinations. Boniface, archbiſhop of Mentz, an Engliſhman, in a letter which he wrote to Cuthbert archbiſhop of Canterbury, A. D. 745, exhorts him—"to prevent ſuch great numbers of Engliſh nuns from going on pilgrimages to Rome; becauſe ſo many of them loſe their virtue before they return, that there is hardly a city or town in Lombardy, France, or Gaul, in which there are not ſome Engliſh women who live by proſtitution, to the great reproach of your church." It is not impoſſible, that theſe ladies, being certain of a plenary remiſſion of all their ſins when they arrived at their journey's end, might think there could be no great harm in adding a little to the number of them by the way †." Many of theſe pilgrimages were undertaken for the ſake of procuring relics, which in this period were conſidered of ineſtimable value, encloſed in caſkets of gold and ſilver, and beſtowed on their happy poſſeſſor a title to the veneration and almoſt worſhip of his contemporaries; ſcarce any crime was ſhrunk from, provided it led to the acquiſition of theſe precious articles, and a rotten bone, or a ruſty nail, the thumb of an apoſtle, or a lock of the hair of Mary the mother of God, obtained by falſehood, theft, or robbery, were held dear as exiſtence itſelf, and thought capable of abſolving the purloiner from all enormity in the means made uſe of for their acquirement. Nothing, in fact, can be more aſtoniſhing than the credulity and infatuation of Chriſtian Europe during theſe dark ages; the moſt monſtrous and abſurd tales of apparitions and miracles, of enchantments and viſions, were firmly confided in; and of theſe a large collection might be made; a ſingular, tho' perhaps not an unentertaining monument of the ſtrange folly of our anceſtors. One of the moſt reſpectable of our ancient hiſtorians, William of Malmſbury, has recorded the following miracle as an indiſputable fact, related in the very few words, he ſays, of the perſons on whom it was wrought, and of which a formal deed, relating the particulars, and atteſting the truth, was drawn up and ſubſcribed by Biſhop Peregrine, the ſucceſſor of Hubert.—"I Ethelbert, a ſinner, will give a true relation of what happened to me on the day before Chriſtmas, A. D. 1012, in a certain village where there was a church dedicated to St. Magnus the Martyr, that all men may know the danger of diſobeying the commands of a prieſt. Fifteen young women, and eighteen young men, of which I was one, were dancing and ſinging in the church-

* From Drake's Literary Hours.

† Henry's Hiſt. of Great Britain, vol. IV. p. 303. 8vo. edit.

church-yard, when one Robert, a prieſt, was performing maſs in the church, who ſent us a civil meſſage, entreating us to deſiſt from our diverſion, becauſe we diſturbed his devotion by our noiſe. But we impiouſly diſregarded his requeſt; upon which the holy man, inflamed with anger, prayed to God and St. Magnus, that we might continue dancing and ſinging a whole year without intermiſſion. His prayers were heard. A young man, the ſon of a prieſt, named John, took his ſiſter, who was ſinging with us, by the hand, and her arm dropped from her body without one drop of blood following. But, notwithſtanding this diſaſter, ſhe continued to dance and ſing with us a whole year. During all that time we felt no inconveniency from rain, cold, heat, hunger, thirſt, or wearineſs, and neither our ſhoes nor our clothes wore out. Whenever it began to rain, a magnificent houſe was erected over us by the power of the Almighty. By our continual dancing we wore the earth ſo much, that by degrees we ſunk into it up to the knees, and at length up to the middle.

When the year was ended, Biſhop Hubert came back to the place, diſſolved the inviſible ties by which our hands had been ſo long united, abſolved us, and reconciled us to St. Magnus. The prieſt's daughter, who had loſt her arm, and other two of the young women, died away immediately; but all the reſt fell into a profound ſleep, in which they continued three days and three nights; after which they aroſe, and went up and down the world, publiſhing this true and glorious miracle, and carrying the evidences of its truth along with them, in the continual ſhaking of their limbs."

This paſſion for the marvellous in religion, though mingled with more wildneſs of fancy and poetical invention, continued ſome centuries; for Giraldus Cambrenſis, one of the moſt learned and intelligent authors of the twelfth century, "tells us of a devil who acted a conſiderable time as a gentleman's butler with great prudence and probity; and of another who was a very diligent and learned clergyman, and a mighty favourite of his archbiſhop. This laſt clerical devil was, it ſeems, an excellent hiſtorian, and uſed to divert the archbiſhop with telling him old ſtories. One day when he was entertaining the archbiſhop with a relation of ancient hiſtories and ſurpriſing events, the converſation happened to turn on the incarnation of our Saviour. "Before the incarnation," ſaid our hiſtorian, "the devils had great power over mankind; but after that event their power was much diminiſhed, and they were obliged to fly. Some of them threw themſelves into the ſea; ſome concealed themſelves in hollow trees, or in the clefts of rocks; and I myſelf plunged into a certain fountain." As ſoon as he had ſaid this, finding that he had diſcovered his ſecret, his face was covered with bluſhes, he went out of the room, and was no more ſeen."

The ſame hiſtorian, likewiſe, in his topography of Ireland, relates, that "when St. Kewen was one day praying with both his hands held up to heaven, out of the window of his chamber, a ſwallow laid an egg in one of them; and ſuch was the patience and good nature of the ſaint, that he neither drew in nor ſhut his hand till the ſwallow had built her neſt, laid all her eggs, and hatched her young. To preſerve the remembrance of this fact, every ſtatue of St. Kewen in Ireland hath a ſwallow in one of its hands."

Exceſſive credulity is ever the companion of ignorance; and the ſpecimens I have given, and a multitude of others ſtill more abſurd might be adduced, ſufficiently prove, that a

love

love of the marvellous the moſt groſs and ſtupid, unmingled with thoſe ſallies of fancy and mythology, that ſpirit of invention and fabling, which, in ſucceeding centuries, engage alike the imagination of the poet, and the reſearch of the philoſopher, was the unhappy characteriſtic of this gloomy era; to ſuch an incredible length indeed were ſuperſtition and folly ſometimes carried, that in ſeveral churches, eſpecially at Rouen, a ceremony was performed called the feaſt of the aſs, at which the aſs, richly dreſſed, was placed before the altar, and the infatuated people ſung before him the following exquiſite anthem: "Eh, eh, eh, ſire Ane! eh, "eh, eh, ſire Ane!"

As curious as they were credulous, the inhabitants of Europe at this time, and of the northern nations in particular, ſupported a train of magicians, diviners, and fortune-tellers, to whom they reſorted upon any emergency, anxious either to avert preſent misfortune, or to penetrate into futurity. Many of theſe were old women, perſonages of high eſtimation among the Anglo Saxons and Danes, and in whom they conceived a portion of the divinity to reſide. Theſe venerable and withered hags travelled with much ſtate and with a large retinue of ſervants; and thoſe princes and nobles who invited them to their houſes for the purpoſe of exerciſing their profeſſion, treated them with the utmoſt deference and attention. Bartholin has given a genuine and very curious deſcription of an interview of this kind, which, as it throws much light upon the manners of this period, and is indeed a ſingular picture of their ſimplicity, curioſity, and credulity, I ſhall venture to tranſcribe. "There was in the fame "country an old woman named Thor-"biorga, the only ſurvivor of nine ſiſters, fortune-tellers, who was very famous for her knowledge of futurity, and frequented public entertainments for the exerciſe of her art, when ſhe was invited. Earl Thorchill, who had the greateſt authority in that country, and was moſt deſirous to know when the famine and ſickneſs, which then raged, would come to an end, ſent meſſengers to invite Thorbiorga to his houſe, after he had made all preparations which were uſual for the reception of ſuch an honourable gueſt. In particular, a ſeat was prepared for the propheteſs, raiſed ſome ſteps above the other ſeats, and covered with a cuſhion ſtuffed with hen's feathers. When ſhe arrived on an evening conducted by the meſſengers, ſhe was dreſſed in a gown of green cloth, buttoned from top to bottom; had a ſtring of glaſs beads about her neck, and her head covered with the ſkin of a black lamb, lined with the ſkin of a white cat: her ſhoes were made of a calf's ſkin, with the hair on it, tied with thongs, and faſtened with braſs buttons: on her hands ſhe had a pair of gloves of a white cat's ſkin, with the fur inward: about her waiſt ſhe wore a Hunlandic girdle, at which hung a bag, containing her magical inſtruments; and ſhe ſupported her feeble limbs by leaning on a ſtaff adorned with many knobs of braſs. As ſoon as ſhe entered the hall, the whole company aroſe, as it became them, and ſaluted her in the moſt reſpectful manner; which ſhe returned as ſhe thought proper. Earl Thorchill then advanced, and taking her by the hand, conducted her to the ſeat prepared for her. After ſome time ſpent in converſation, a table was ſet before her covered with many diſhes: but ſhe ate only of a pottage of goat's milk, and of a diſh which conſiſted of the hearts of various animals. When the table was removed, Thorchill humbly approached the propheteſs, and aſked her what ſhe thought of his houſe, and of his family; and when ſhe would be pleaſed to tell them what they deſired to know.

To this ſhe replied, that ſhe would tell them nothing that evening, but would ſatisfy them fully next day. Accordingly, on the day after, when ſhe had put all her implements of divination in proper order, ſhe commanded a maiden, named Godreda, to ſing the magical ſong called Vard-lokur; which ſhe did with ſo clear and ſweet a voice, that the whole company were raviſhed with her muſic, and none ſo much as the propheteſs; who cried out, 'Now I know "many things concerning this famine and ſickneſs which I did not "know before. This famine will "be of ſhort continuance, and plenty "will return with the next ſeaſon, "which will be favourable; and the "ſickneſs alſo will ſhortly fly away. "As for you, my lovely maid Godreda, you ſhall be married to a "nobleman of the higheſt rank, and "become the happy mother of a "numerous and flouriſhing family." After this, the whole company approached the propheteſs one by one, and aſked her what queſtions they pleaſed, and ſhe told them every thing that they deſired to know *."

It will readily be imagined that in an age ſo incapable of aſcertaining truth of any kind, the ſciences would receive little or no cultivation; in ſhort, it may with propriety be ſaid, they had none; their grammar, rhetoric, and logic were deſpicable in the extreme; and in the place of aſtronomy, aſtrology, divination, and witchcraft crowd upon our view. Of geography and chronology they had no idea; for their monks and pilgrims, their only travellers, journeyed merely in purſuit of relics, and had no conception of aſcertaining the poſition of the countries through which they paſſed. Indeed after the fall of the Roman empire the connection between its former provinces was totally diſſolved: ſevered among a number of hoſtile and illiterate barbarians, the geography of Europe was loſt, and the inhabitants of one province were perfectly ignorant of the ſituation and extent of its immediate neighbour: intercourſe of all kinds among theſe nations completely ſubſided, and the diſtricts of the weſtern world were to each other as *terræ incognitæ*.

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS THE POET †.

(Concluded from our laſt, p. 192.)

OF the various perſons with whom Burns became acquainted in the courſe of this journey, he has, in general, given ſome account; and almoſt always a favourable one. But it does not appear that the ſcenery, or its inhabitants, produced any effort of his muſe, as was to have been wiſhed and expected. From Annan, Burns proceeded to Dumfries, and thence through Sanquhar, to Moſsgiel, near Mauchline, in Ayrſhire, where he arrived about the 8th of June, 1787, after a long abſence of ſix buſy and eventful months. It will eaſily be conceived with what pleaſure and pride he was received by his mother, his brothers, and ſiſters. He had left them poor, and comparatively friendleſs; he returned to them high in public eſtimation, and eaſy in his circumſtances. He returned to them unchanged in his ardent affections, and ready to ſhare with them to the uttermoſt farthing, the pittance that fortune had beſtowed.

Having remained with them a few days, he proceeded again to Edinburgh,

* "Erin's Rauga Saga, apud Bartholin. p. 169."

† From Dr Currie's Edition of Burns's Works.

burgh, and immediately ſet out on a journey to the Highlands. Of this tour no particulars have been found among his manuſcripts. A letter to his friend Mr Ainſlie, dated *Arrachas, near Crochairbas, by Lochleary, June* 28, 1787, commences as follows:

"I write you this on my tour through a country where ſavage ſtreams tumble over ſavage mountains, thinly overſpread with ſavage flocks, which ſtarvingly ſupport as ſavage inhabitants. My laſt ſtage was Inverary—to-morrow night's ſtage, Dumbarton. I ought ſooner to have anſwered your kind letter, but you know I am a man of many ſins."

From this journey Burns returned to his friends in Ayr-ſhire, with whom he ſpent the month of July, renewing his friendſhips, and extending his acquaintance throughout the country, where he was now very generally known and admired. In Auguſt he again viſited Edinburgh, whence he undertook another journey towards the middle of this month, in company with Mr M. Adair, now D. Adair, of Harrowgate, into different parts of Clackmannanſhire and Stirlingſhire.

The different journies already mentioned did not ſatisfy the curioſity of Burns. About the beginning of September, he again ſet out from Edinburgh on a more extended tour to the Highlands, in company with Mr Nicol, with whom he had now contracted a particular intimacy, which laſted during the remainder of his life. Mr Nicol was of Dumfries-ſhire, of a deſcent equally humble with our poet. Like him he roſe by the ſtrength of his talents, and fell by the ſtrength of his paſſions. He died in the ſummer of 1797. Having received the elements of a claſſical inſtruction at his pariſh ſchool, Mr Nicol made a very rapid and ſingular proficiency; and by early undertaking the office of an inſtructor himſelf, he acquired the means of entering himſelf at the Univerſity of Edinburgh. There he was firſt a ſtudent of theology, then a ſtudent of medicine, and was afterwards employed in the aſſiſtance and inſtruction of graduates in medicine, in thoſe parts of their exerciſes, in which the Latin language is employed. In this ſituation he was the contemporary and rival of the celebrated Dr Brown, whom he reſembled in the particulars of his hiſtory, as well as in the leading features of his character. The office of aſſiſtant-teacher in the High-ſchool being vacant, it was, as uſual, filled up by competition: and in the face of ſome prejudices, and perhaps of ſome well-founded objections, Mr Nicol, by ſuperior learning, carried it from all the other candidates. This office he filled at the period of which we ſpeak.

Mr Nicol and our poet travelled in a poſt-chaiſe, which they engaged for the journey, and paſſing through the heart of the Highlands, ſtretched northwards about ten miles beyond Inverneſs. There they bent their courſe eaſtward acroſs the iſland, and returned by the ſhore of the German ſea to Edinburgh. In the courſe of this tour, they viſited a number of remarkable ſcenes, and the imagination of Burns was conſtantly excited by the wild and ſublime ſcenery through which he paſſed. Of this ſeveral proofs may be found in the poems formerly printed *."

On

* "Lines on ſeeing ſome water fowl in Loch-Turit, a wild ſcene among the hills of Ochtertyre," "Lines written with a pencil over the chimney-piece, in the inn at Kenmore, Taymouth," "Lines written with a pencil ſtanding by the fall of Fyers, near Lochneſs," "The humble petition of Bruar Water."

On reaching Blair, the Duke of Athole, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction, was from home; but the Dutcheſs, being informed of his arrival, gave him an invitation to ſup and ſleep at Athole-houſe. He accepted the invitation. The Duke's fine young family attracted much of his admiration; he drank their healths as *honeſt men and bonnie laſſes*, an idea which was much applauded by the company.

It appears that the impreſſion made by our poet on the noble family of Athole, was in a high degree favourable; it is certain he was charmed with the reception he received from them, and he often mentioned the two days he ſpent at Athole-houſe, as amongſt the happieſt of his life. He was warmly invited to prolong his ſtay, but ſacrificed his inclinations to his engagement with Mr Nicoll, which is the more to be regretted, as he would otherwiſe have been introduced to Mr Dundas, (then daily expected on a viſit to the Duke) a circumſtance that might have had a favourable influence on Burns' future fortunes. At Athole-houſe he met, for the firſt time, Mr Graham, of Fintry, to whom he was afterwards indebted for his office in the exciſe.

A few days after leaving Blair of Athole, our poet and his fellow traveller arrived at Fochabers. In the courſe of the preceding winter Burns had been introduced to the Dutcheſs of Gordon, at Edinburgh, and preſuming on this acquaintance, he proceeded to Gordon Caſtle, leaving Mr Nicoll at the inn in the village. At the Caſtle our poet was received with the utmoſt hoſpitality and kindneſs; and he made the beſt return in his power by an elegant poetical compliment *.

Burns remained at Edinburgh during the greater part of the winter 1787-8, and again entered into the ſociety and diſſipation of that metropolis. It appears that on the 31ſt day of December he attended a meeting to celebrate the birth-day of the lineal deſcendant of the Scottiſh race of Kings, the late unfortunate Prince Charles-Edward. On this occaſion our bard took upon himſelf the office of a poet-laureate, and produced an ode, which, though deficient in the complicated rhythm and poliſhed verſification that ſuch compoſitions require, might, on a fair competition, where energy of feelings and of expreſſion were alone in queſtion, have won the butt of Malmſey from the real laureate of that day.

In relating the incidents of our poet's life in Edinburgh, we ought to have mentioned the ſentiments of reſpect and ſympathy with which he traced out the grave of his predeceſſor Ferguſſon, over whoſe aſhes in the Canongate church-yard he obtained leave to erect an humble monument, which will be viewed by reflecting minds with no common intereſt, and which will awake in the boſom of kindred genius many a high emotion. Neither ſhould we paſs over the continued friendſhip he experienced from a poet then living, the amiable and accompliſhed Blacklock.—To his encouraging advice, it was owing, (as has already appeared) that Burns, inſtead of emigrating to the Weſt Indies, repaired to Edinburgh. He received him there with all the ardour of affectionate admiration; he eagerly introduced him to the reſpectable circle of his friends; he conſulted his intereſt; he blazoned his fame; he laviſhed upon him all the kindneſs of a generous and feeling heart, into which nothing ſelfiſh or envious ever found admittance. Among the friends to whom he introduced Burns was Mr Ramſay of Ochtertyre, to whom our poet paid a viſit in the autumn of 1787, at his delightful retirement in the

* See Burns's Works, Vol. I. p. 185.

the neighbourhood of Stirling and on the banks of the Teith.

Having ſettled with his publiſher, Mr Creech, in February 1788, Burns found himſelf maſter of nearly five hundred pounds, after diſcharging all his expences. Two hundred pounds he immediately advanced to his brother Gilbert, who had taken upon himſelf the ſupport of their aged mother, and was ſtruggling with many difficulties in the farm of Moſſgiel. With the remainder of this ſum, and ſome farther eventual profits from his poems, he determined on ſettling himſelf for life in the occupation of agriculture, and took from Mr Miller, of Dalſwinton, the farm of Ellifland, on the banks of the river Nith, ſix miles above Dumfries, on which he entered on Whitſunday 1788. Having been previouſly recommended to the Board of Exciſe, his name had been put on the liſt of candidates for the humble office of a gauger or exciſeman; and he immediately applied to acquiring the information neceſſary for filling that office, when the honourable board might judge it proper to employ him. He expected to be called into ſervice in the diſtrict in which his farm was ſituated, and vainly hoped to unite with ſucceſs, the labours of the farmer, with the duties of the exciſeman.

When Burns had in this manner arranged his plans for futurity, his generous heart turned to the object of his moſt ardent attachment, and liſtening to no conſiderations but thoſe of honour and affection, he joined with her in a public declaration of marriage, thus legalizing their union, and rendering it permanent for life.

Before Burns was known in Edinburgh, a ſpecimen of his poetry had recommended him to Mr Miller of Dalſwinton. Underſtanding that he intended to reſume the life of a farmer, Mr Miller had invited him in the ſpring of 1787, to view his eſtate in Nithſdale, offering him at the ſame time the choice of any of his farms out of leaſe, at ſuch a rent as Burns and his friends might judge proper. It was not in the nature of Burns to take an undue advantage of the liberality of Mr Miller. He proceeded in this buſineſs however with more than uſual deliberation. Having made choice of the farm of Ellifland, he employed two of his friends, ſkilled in the value of land, to examine it; and with their approbation offered a rent to Mr Miller, which was immediately accepted. It was not convenient for Mrs Burns to remove immediately from Ayrſhire, and our poet therefore took up his reſidence alone at Ellifland to prepare for the reception of his wife and children, who joined him towards the end of the year.

The ſituation in which Burns now found himſelf was calculated to awaken reflection. The different ſteps he had of late taken, were in their nature highly important, and might be ſaid to have, in ſome meaſure, fixed his deſtiny. He had become a huſband and a father; he had engaged in the management of a conſiderable farm, a difficult and laborious undertaking; in his ſucceſs the happineſs of his family was involved; it was time therefore to abandon the gaiety and diſſipation of which he had been too much enamoured; to ponder ſeriouſly on the paſt, and to form virtuous reſolutions reſpecting the future. That ſuch was actually the ſtate of his mind, the following extract from his common-place book may bear witneſs.

Ellifland, Sunday, 14th June, 1788.

"This is now the third day that I have been in this country. 'Lord, what is man!' What a buſtling little bundle of paſſions, appetites, ideas, and fancies! And what a capricious kind of exiſtence he has here! * * *

There

There is indeed an elſewhere, where, as Thomſon ſays. *virtue ſole ſurvives.*

" Tell us, ye dead;
" Will none of you in pity diſcloſe the ſecret,
" What 'tis you are and we muſt ſhortly be?
" ——————————— A little time
" Will make us wiſe as you are, and as cloſe."

" I am ſuch a coward in life, ſo tired of the ſervice, that I would almoſt at any time with Milton's Adam, ' gladly lay me in my mother's lap, and be at peace.'

" But a wife and children, bind me to ſtruggle with the ſtream, till ſome ſudden ſquall ſhall overſet the ſilly veſſel, or in the liſtleſs return of years, its own crazineſs reduce it to a wreck. Farewell now, to thoſe giddy follies, thoſe varniſhed vices, which, though half ſanctified by the bewitching levity of wit and humour, are at beſt but thriftleſs idling with the precious current of exiſtence; nay, often poiſoning the whole, that, like the plains of Jericho, *the water is naught and the grounds barren*, and nothing ſhort of a ſupernaturally gifted Eliſha can ever after heal the evils.

" Wedlock, the circumſtance that buckles me hardeſt to care, if virtue and religion were to be any thing with me but names, was what in a few ſeaſons I muſt have reſolved on; in my preſent ſituation it was abſolutely neceſſary. Humanity, generoſity, honeſt pride of character, juſtice to my own happineſs for after life, ſo far as it could depend (which it ſurely will a great deal) on internal peace; all theſe joined their warmeſt ſuffrages, their moſt powerful ſolicitations, with a rooted attachment, to urge the ſtep I have taken. Nor have I any reaſon on *her* part to repent it.—I can fancy how, but have never ſeen where, I could have made a better choice. Come then, let me act up to my favourite motto, that glorious paſſage in Young—

" On reaſon build, reſolve,
" That column of true majeſty in man!"

Under the impulſe of theſe reflections, Burns immediately engaged in rebuilding the dwelling-houſe on his farm, which, in the ſtate he found it, was inadequate to the accommodation of his family. On this occaſion, he himſelf reſumed at times the occupation of a labourer, and found neither his ſtrength nor his ſkill impaired.—Pleaſed with ſurveying the grounds he was about to cultivate, and with the rearing of a building that ſhould give ſhelter to his wife and children, and, as he fondly hoped, to his own grey hairs, ſentiments of independence buoyed up his mind, pictures of domeſtic content and peace roſe on his imagination; and a few days paſſed away, as he himſelf informs us, the moſt tranquil, if not the happieſt, which he had ever experienced.

It is to be lamented that at this critical period of his life, our poet was without the ſociety of his wife and children. A great change had taken place in his ſituation; his old habits were broken; and the new circumſtances in which he was placed, were calculated to give a new direction to his thoughts and conduct*. But his application to the cares and labours of his farm was interrupted by ſeveral viſits to his family in Ayrſhire; and as the diſtance was too great for a ſingle day's journey, he generally ſpent a night at an inn on the road. On ſuch occaſions he ſometimes fell into company, and forgot the reſolutions he had formed. In a little while temptation aſſailed him nearer home.

His fame naturally drew upon him the attention of his neighbours, and he

* Mrs Burns was about to be confined in childbed, and the houſe at Elliſland was rebuilding.

he ſoon formed a general acquaintance in the diſtrict in which he lived. The public voice had now pronounced on the ſubject of his talents; the reception he had met with in Edinburgh had given him the currency which faſhion beſtows; he had ſurmounted the prejudices ariſing from his humble birth; and he was received at the tables of the gentlemen of Nithſdale, with welcome, with kindneſs, and even with reſpect. Their ſocial parties too often ſeduced him from his ruſtic labours, and his ruſtic fare, overthrew the unſteady fabric of his reſolutions, and inflamed thoſe propenſities which temperance might have weakened, and prudence ultimately ſuppreſſed. It was not long, therefore, before Burns began to view his farm with diſlike and deſpondence, if not with diſguſt.

Unfortunately he had for ſeveral years looked to an office in the exciſe as a certain means of livelihood, ſhould his other expectations fail. As has already been mentioned, he had been recommended to the board of exciſe, and had received the inſtruction neceſſary for ſuch a ſituation. He now applied to be employed; and, by the intereſt of Mr Graham of Fintry, was appointed exciſeman, or, as it is vulgarly called, gauger, of the diſtrict in which he lived. His farm was after this, in a great meaſure, abandoned to ſervants, while he betook himſelf to the duties of his new appointment.

He might indeed ſtill be ſeen in the ſpring, directing his plough, a labour in which he excelled; or with a white ſheet containing his ſeed-corn ſlung acroſs his ſhoulders, ſtriding with meaſured ſteps, along his turned-up furrows, and ſcattering the grain in the earth. But his farm no longer occupied the principal part of his care or his thoughts. It was not at Ellifland that he was now in general to be found. Mounted on horſeback, this high-minded poet was purſuing the defaulters of the revenue, among the hills and vales of Nithſdale, his roving eye wandering over the charms of nature, and *muttering his wayward fancies* as he moved along.

In the ſummer of 1791, two Engliſh gentlemen, who had before met with him in Edinburgh, paid a viſit to him at Ellifland. On calling at the houſe, they were informed that he had walked out on the banks of the river; and, diſmounting from their horſes, they proceeded in ſearch of him.—On a rock that projected into the ſtream, they ſaw a man employed in angling, of a ſingular appearance. He had a cap made of a fox's ſkin on his head, a looſe great-coat fixed round him by a belt, from which depended an enormous Highland broad-ſword. It was Burns. He received them with great cordiality, and aſked them to ſhare his humble dinner—an invitation which they accepted. On the table they found boiled beef, with vegetables, and barley-broth, after the manner of Scotland; of which they partook heartily. After dinner the bard told them ingenuouſly that he had no wine to offer them, nothing better than Highland whiſkey, a bottle of which Mrs Burns ſet on the board. He produced at the ſame time his punch-bowl, made of Inverary marble, and, mixing the ſpirit with water and ſugar, filled their glaſſes, and invited them to drink*. The travellers were in haſte, and beſides, the flavour of the whiſkey to their *faſhion* palates, was ſcarcely tolerable; but the generous poet offered them his beſt, and his ardent hoſpitality they found it impoſſible to reſiſt. Burns was in his happieſt mood, and the charms of his

* This bowl was made of the ſtone of which Inverary-houſe is built: the manſion of the family of Argyle.

his converſation were altogther faſcinating. He ranged over a great variety of topics, illuminating whatever he touched. He related the tales of his infancy and of his youth; he recited ſome of the gayeſt and ſome of the tendereſt of his poems; in the wildeſt of his ſtrains of mirth, he threw in ſome touches of melancholy, and ſpread around him the electric emotions of his powerful mind. The Highland whiſkey improved in its flavour; the marble-bowl was again and again emptied and repleniſhed; the gueſts of our poet forgot the flight of time, and the dictates of prudence: at the hour of midnight they loſt their way in returning to Dumfries, and could ſcarcely diſtinguiſh it when aſſiſted by the morning's dawn*.

Beſides his duties in the exciſe and his ſocial pleaſures, other circumſtances interfered with the attention of Burns to his farm. He engaged in the formation of a ſociety for purchaſing and circulating books among the farmers of his neighbourhood, of which he undertook the management; and he occupied himſelf occaſionally in compoſing ſongs for the muſical work of Mr Johnſon, then in the courſe of publication.—Theſe engagements, uſeful and honourable in themſelves, contributed no doubt to the abſtraction of his thoughts from the buſineſs of agriculture.

The conſequences may be eaſily imagined. Notwithſtanding the uniform prudence and good management of Mrs Burns, and though his rent was moderate and reaſonable, our poet found it convenient, if not neceſſary, to reſign his farm to Mr Miller, after having occupied it three years and a half. His office in the exciſe had produced about fifty pounds per annum. Having acquitted himſelf to the ſatisfaction of the Board, he had been appointed to a new diſtrict, the emoluments of which roſe to about ſeventy pounds per annum. Hoping to ſupport himſelf and his family on this humble income till promotion ſhould reach him, he diſpoſed of his ſtock and of his crop on Ellisland by public auction, and removed to a ſmall houſe which he had taken in Dumfries, about the end of the year 1791.

Hitherto Burns, though addicted to exceſs in ſocial parties, had abſtained from the habitual uſe of ſtrong liquors, and his conſtitution had not ſuffered any permanent injury from the irregularities of his conduct. In Dumfries, temptations to *the ſin that ſo eaſily beſet him*, continually preſented themſelves; and his irregularities grew by degrees into habits. These temptations unhappily occurred during his engagements in the buſineſs of his office, as well as during his hours of relaxation; and though he clearly foreſaw the conſequence of yielding to them, his appetites and ſenſations, which could not pervert the dictates of his judgment, finally triumphed over the powers of his will. Yet this victory was not obtained without many obſtinate ſtruggles, and at times temperance and virtue ſeemed to have obtained the maſtery. Beſides his engagements in the exciſe, and the ſociety into which they led, many circumſtances contributed to the melancholy fate of Burns. His great celebrity made him an object of intereſt and curioſity to ſtrangers, and few perſons of cultivated minds paſſed through Dumfries without attempting to ſee our poet, and to enjoy the pleaſure of his converſation. As he could not receive them under his own humble roof, theſe interviews paſſed at the inns of the town, and often terminated in thoſe exceſſes which Burns ſometimes provoked, and was ſeldom able to reſiſt; and among the inhabitants of Dumfries, and its vicinity, there were never wanting perſons to ſhare

* Given from the information of one of the party.

ſhare his ſocial pleaſures; to lead or accompany him to the tavern; to partake in the wildeſt ſallies of his wit; to witneſs the ſtrength and the degradation of his genius.

Still, however, he cultivated the ſociety of perſons of taſte and of reſpectability, and in their company could impoſe on himſelf the reſtraints of temperance and decorum. Nor was his muſe dormant. In the four years which he lived in Dumfries, he produced many of his beautiful lyrics, though it does not appear that he attempted any poem of conſiderable length.

Burns had entertained hopes of promotion in the exciſe; but circumſtances occurred which retarded their fulfilment, and which in his own mind deſtroyed all expectation of their being ever fulfilled. The extraordinary events which uſhered in the revolution of France, intereſted the feelings, and excited the hopes of men in in every corner of Europe. Prejudice and tyranny ſeemed about to diſappear from among men, and the day ſtar of reaſon to riſe upon a benighted world. In the dawn of this beautiful morning the genius of French freedom appeared on our ſouthern horizon with the countenance of an angel, but ſpeedily aſſumed the features of a demon, and vaniſhed in a ſhower of blood.

Though previouſly a jacobite and a cavalier, Burns had ſhared in the original hopes entertained of this aſtoniſhing revolution by ardent and benevolent minds. The novelty and the hazard of the attempt meditated by the Firſt or Conſtituent Aſſembly, ſerved rather, it is probable, to recommend it to his daring temper; and the unfettered ſcope propoſed to be given to every kind of talents, was doubtleſs gratifying to the feelings of conſcious but indignant genius. Burns foreſaw not the mighty ruin that was to be the immediate conſequence of an enterprize, which, on its commencement, promiſed ſo much happineſs to the human race. And even after the career of guilt and of blood commenced, he could not immediately, it may be preſumed, withdraw his partial gaze from a people who had ſo lately breathed the ſentiments of univerſal peace and benignity, or obliterate in his boſom the pictures of hope and of happineſs to which thoſe ſentiments had given birth. Under theſe impreſſions, he did not always conduct himſelf with the circumſpection and prudence which his dependent ſituation ſeemed to demand. He engaged indeed in no popular aſſociations, ſo common at the time of which we ſpeak; but in company he did not conceal his opinions of public meaſures, or of the reforms required in the practice of our government: and ſometimes in his ſocial and unguarded moments, he uttered them with a wild and unjuſtifiable vehemence. Information of this was given to the board of exciſe, with the exaggerations ſo general in ſuch caſes. A ſuperior officer in that department was authorized to inquire into his conduct. Burns defended himſelf in a letter addreſſed to one of the Board, written with great independence of ſpirit, and with more than his accuſtomed eloquence. The officer appointed to inquire into his conduct gave a favourable report. His ſteady friend, Mr Graham of Fintry, interpoſed his good offices in his behalf; and the imprudent gauger was ſuffered to retain his ſituation, but given to underſtand that his promotion was deferred, and muſt depend on his future behaviour.

This circumſtance made a deep impreſſion on the mind of Burns. Fame exaggerated his miſconduct, and repreſented him as actually diſmiſſed from his office. And this report induced a gentleman of much reſpectability to propoſe a ſubſcription in his favour. The offer was

refuſed by our poet in a letter of great elevation of ſentiment, in which he gives an account of the whole of this tranſaction, and defends himſelf from the imputation of diſloyal ſentiments on the one hand, and on the other from the charge of having made ſubmiſſions, for the ſake of his office, unworthy of his character.

"The partiality of my countrymen," he obſerves, "has brought me forward as a man of genius, and has given me a character to ſupport. In the poet I have avowed manly and independent ſentiments, which I hope have been found in the man. Reaſons of no leſs weight than the ſupport of a wife and children have pointed out my preſent occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honeſt fame is my deareſt concern, and a thouſand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or miſrepreſentation may affix to my name. Often in blaſting anticipation have I liſtened to ſome future hackney ſcribbler, with the heavy malice of ſavage ſtupidity, exultingly aſſerting that Burns, notwithſtanding the *fanfaronade* of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public eſtimation, as a man of ſome genius, yet, quite deſtitute of reſources within himſelf to ſupport his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciſeman, and ſlunk out the reſt of his inſignificant exiſtence in the meaneſt of purſuits, and among the loweſt of mankind.

"In your illuſtrious hands, Sir, permit me to lodge my ſtrong diſavowal and defiance of ſuch ſlanderous falſehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and an Exciſeman by neceſſity: but—I *will* ſay it! the ſterling of his honeſt worth poverty could not debaſe, and his independent Britiſh ſpirit, oppreſſion might bend, but could not ſubdue."

It was one of the laſt acts of his life to copy this letter into his book of manuſcripts, accompanied by ſome additional remarks on the ſame ſubject. It is not ſurpriſing, that at a ſeaſon of univerſal alarm for the ſafety of the conſtitution, the indiſcreet expreſſions of a man ſo powerful as Burns, ſhould have attracted notice. The times certainly required extraordinary vigilance in thoſe entruſted with the adminiſtration of the government, and to enſure the ſafety of the conſtitution was doubtleſs their firſt duty. Yet generous minds will lament that their meaſures of precaution ſhould have robed the imagination of our poet of the laſt prop on which his hopes of independence reſted, and by embittering his peace, have aggravated thoſe exceſſes which were ſoon to conduct him to an untimely grave.

Though the vehemence of Burns's temper, increaſed as it often was by ſtimulating liquors, might lead him into many improper and unguarded expreſſions, there ſeems no reaſon to doubt of his attachment to our mixed form of government. In his common-place book, where he could have no temptation to diſguiſe, are the following ſentiments.—"Whatever might be my ſentiments of republics, ancient or modern, as to Britain, I ever abjured the idea. A conſtitution, which in its original principles, experience has proved to be every way fitted for our happineſs, it would be inſanity to abandon for an untried viſionary theory." In conformity to theſe ſentiments, when the preſſing nature of public affairs called in 1795, for a general arming of the people, Burns appeared in the ranks of the Dumfries volunteers, and employed his poetical talents in ſtimulating their patriotiſm.

Though by nature of an athletic form, Burns had in his conſtitution the peculiarities and the delicacies that belong to the temperament of genius. He was liable, from a very early

early period of life, to that interruption in the proceſs of digeſtion, which ariſes from deep and anxious thought, and which is ſometimes the effect, and ſometimes the cauſe of depreſſion of ſpirits. Connected with this diſorder of the ſtomach, there was a diſpoſition to head-ache, affecting more eſpecially the temples and eye-balls, and frequently accompanied by violent and irregular movements of the heart. Endowed by nature with great ſenſibility of nerves, Burns was, in his corporeal, as well as in his mental ſyſtem, liable to inordinate impreſſions; to fever of body, as well as of mind. This prediſpoſition to diſeaſe, which ſtrict temperance in diet, regular exerciſe, and ſound ſleep, might have ſubdued, habits of a very different nature ſtrengthened and inflamed. Perpetually ſtimulated by alkohol in one or other of its various forms, the inordinate actions of the circulating ſyſtem became at length habitual; the proceſs of nutrition was unable to ſupply the waſte, and the powers of life began to fail. Upwards of a year before his death, there was an evident decline in our poet's perſonal appearance, and though his appetite continued unimpaired, he was himſelf ſenſible that his conſtitution was ſinking. In his moments of thought he reflected with the deepeſt regret on his fatal progreſs, clearly foreſeeing the goal towards which he was haſtening, without the ſtrength of mind neceſſary to ſtop, or even to ſlacken his courſe. His temper now became more irritable and gloomy; he fled from himſelf into ſociety, often of the loweſt kind. And in ſuch company that part of the convivial ſcene, in which wine increaſes ſenſibility and excites benevolence, was hurried over, to reach the ſucceeding part, over which uncontrouled paſſion generally preſided. He who ſuffers the pollution of inebriation; how ſhall he eſcape other pollution? But let us refrain from the mention of errors over which delicacy and humanity draw the veil.

In the midſt of all his wanderings, Burns met nothing in his domeſtic circle but gentleneſs and forgiveneſs, except in the gnawings of his own remorſe. He acknowledged his tranſgreſſions to the wife of his boſom, promiſed amendment, and again and again received pardon for his offences. But as the ſtrength of his body decayed, his reſolution became feebler, and habit acquired predominating ſtrength.

From October, 1795, to the January following, an accidental complaint confined him to the houſe. A few days after he began to go abroad, he dined at a tavern, and returned home about three o'clock in a very cold morning, benumbed and intoxicated. This was followed by an attack of rheumatiſm, which confined him about a week. His appetite now began to fail; his hand ſhook, and his voice faultered on any exertion or emotion. His pulſe became weaker and more rapid, and pain in the larger joints, and in the hands and feet, deprived him of the enjoyment of refreſhing ſleep. Too much dejected in his ſpirits, and too well aware of his real ſituation to entertain hopes of recovery, he was ever muſing on the approaching deſolation of his family, and his ſpirits ſunk into an uniform gloom.

It was hoped by ſome of his friends, that if he could live through the months of ſpring, the ſucceeding ſeaſon might reſtore him. But they were diſappointed. The genial beams of the ſun infuſed no vigour into his languid frame; the ſummer wind blew upon him, but produced no refreſhment. About the latter end of June he was adviſed to go into the country, and impatient of medical advice, as well as of every ſpecies of controul, he determined for himſelf to try the effects of bath-

ing

ing in the ſea. For this purpoſe he took up his reſidence at Brow, in Annandale, about ten miles eaſt of Dumfries, on the ſhore of the Solway-Firth.

It happened that at that time Mrs Riddell, a lady with whom he had been connected in friendſhip by the ſympathies of kindred genius, was reſiding in the immediate neighbourhood. Being informed of his arrival, ſhe invited him to dinner, and ſent her carriage for him to the cottage where he lodged, as he was unable to walk.—"I was ſtruck," ſays this lady, (in a confidential letter to a friend written ſoon after) "with his appearance on entering the room. The ſtamp of death was impreſſed on his features. He ſeemed already touching the brink of eternity. His firſt ſalutation was, "Well, Madam, have you any commands for the other world." I replied that it ſeemed a doubtful caſe which of us ſhould be there ſooneſt, and that I hoped he would yet live to write my epitaph. (I was then in a poor ſtate of health.) He looked in my face with an air of great kindneſs, and expreſſed his concern at ſeeing me look ſo ill, with his accuſtomed ſenſibility. At table he ate little or nothing, and he complained of having entirely loſt the tone of his ſtomach. We had a long and ſerious converſation about his preſent ſituation, and the approaching termination of all his earthly proſpects. He ſpoke of his death without any of the oſtentation of philoſophy, but with firmneſs as well as feeling—as an event likely to happen very ſoon, and which gave him concern chiefly from leaving his four children ſo young and unprotected, and his wife in ſo intereſting a ſituation—in hourly expectation of lying in of a fifth. He mentioned, with ſeeming pride and ſatisfaction, the promiſing genius of his eldeſt ſon, and the flattering marks of approbation he had received from his teachers, and dwelt particularly on his hopes of that boy's future conduct and merit. His anxiety for his family ſeemed to hang heavy upon him, and the more perhaps from the reflection that he had not done them all the juſtice he was ſo well qualified to do. Paſſing from this ſubject, he ſhewed great concern about the care of his literary fame, and particularly the publication of his poſthumous works. He ſaid he was well aware that his death would occaſion ſome noiſe, and that every ſcrap of his writing would be revived againſt him to the injury of his future reputation; that letters and verſes written with unguarded and improper freedom, and which he earneſtly wiſhed to have buried in oblivion, would be handed about by idle vanity or malevolence, when no dread of his reſentment would reſtrain them, or prevent the cenſures of ſhrill-tonged malice, or the inſidious ſarcaſms of envy, from pouring forth all their venom to blaſt his fame.

He lamented that he had written many epigrams on perſons againſt whom he entertained no enmity, and whoſe characters he ſhould be ſorry to wound; and many indifferent poetical pieces, which he feared would now, with all their imperfections on their head, be thruſt upon the world. On this account he deeply regretted having deferred to put his papers into a ſtate of arrangement, as he was now quite incapable of the exertion."—The lady goes on to mention many other topics of a private nature on which he ſpoke.—"The converſation," ſhe adds, "was kept up with great evenneſs and animation on his ſide.

"I had ſeldom ſeen his mind greater or more collected. There was frequently a conſiderable degree of vivacity in his ſallies, and they would probably have had a greater ſhare, had not the concern and dejection I could not diſguiſe, damped the

the ſpirit of pleaſantry he ſeemed not unwilling to indulge.

"We parted about ſun-ſet on the evening of that day, (the 5th of July, 1796;) the next day I ſaw him again, and we parted to meet no more!"

At firſt Burns imagined bathing in the ſea had been of benefit to him: the pains in his limbs were relieved; but this was immediately followed by a new attack of fever. When brought back to his own houſe in Dumfries, on the 18th of July, he was no longer able to ſtand upright. At this time a tremor pervaded his frame; his tongue was parched, and his mind ſunk into delirium, when not roufed by converſation. On the ſecond and third day the fever increaſed, and his ſtrength diminiſhed. On the fourth, the ſufferings of this great but ill-fated genius were terminated, and a life was cloſed, in which virtue and paſſion had been at perpetual variance *.

The death of Burns made a ſtrong and general impreſſion on all who had intereſted themſelves in his character, and eſpecially on the inhabitants of the town and county in which he had ſpent the latter years of his life. Flagrant as his follies and errors had been, they had not deprived him of the reſpect and regard entertained for the extraordinary powers of his genius, and the generous qualities of his heart. The Gentlemen-Volunteers of Dumfries determined to bury their illuſtrious aſſociate with military honours, and every preparation was made to render this laſt ſervice ſolemn and impreſſive. The Fencible Infantry of Angusſhire, and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports, at that time quartered in Dumfries, offered their aſſiſtance on this occaſion; the principal inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood determined to walk in the funeral proceſſion; and a vaſt concourſe of perſons aſſembled, ſome of them from a conſiderable diſtance, to witneſs the obſequies of the Scottiſh Bard. On the evening of the 25th of July, the remains of Burns were removed from his houſe to the Town-Hall, and the funeral took place on the ſucceeding day. A party of the volunteers, ſelected to perform the military duty in the church-yard, ſtationed themſelves in the front of the proceſſion, with their arms reverſed; the main body of the corps ſurrounded and ſupported the coffin, on which were placed the hat and ſword of their friend and fellow-ſoldier; the numerous body of attendants ranged themſelves in the rear; while the Fencible regiments of infantry and cavalry lined the ſtreets from the Town-Hall to the burial-ground in the Southern church-yard, a diſtance of more than half a mile. The whole proceſſion moved forward to that ſublime and affecting ſtrain of muſic, the *Dead March* in Saul; and three vollies fired over his grave, marked the return of Burns to his parent earth! The ſpectacle was in a high degree grand and ſolemn, and accorded with the general ſentiments of ſympathy and ſorrow which the occaſion had called forth.

It was an affecting circumſtance, that on the morning of the day of her huſband's funeral, Mrs Burns was undergoing the pains of labour, and that during the ſolemn ſervice we have juſt been deſcribing, the poſthumous ſon of our poet was born. This infant boy, who received the name of Maxwell, was not deſtined to a long life. He has already become an inhabitant of the ſame grave with his celebrated father. The four other children of our poet, all ſons,

* The particulars reſpecting the illneſs and death of Burns, were obligingly furniſhed by Dr Maxwell, the phyſician who attended him.

ſons, (the eldeſt at that time about ten years of age,) yet ſurvive, and give every promiſe of prudence and virtue that can be expected from their tender years. They remain under the care of their affectionate mother in Dumfries, and are enjoying the means of education which the excellent ſchools of that town afford; the teachers of which, in their conduct to the children of Burns, do themſelves great honour. On this occaſion, the name of Mr White deſerves to be particularly mentioned, himſelf a poet as well as a man of ſcience *.

Burns died in great poverty, but the independence of his ſpirit, and the exemplary prudence of his wife, had preſerved him from debt. He had received from his poems a clear profit of about nine hundred pounds. Of this ſum, the part expended on his library (which was far from extenſive) and in the humble furniture of his houſe, remained; and obligations were found for two hundred pounds advanced by him to the aſſiſtance of thoſe to whom he was united by the ties of blood, and ſtill more by thoſe of eſteem and affection. When it is conſidered that his expences in Edinburgh, and on his various journies, could not be inconſiderable; that his agricultural undertaking was unſucceſsful; that his income from the exciſe was for ſome time as low as fifty, and never roſe to above ſeventy pounds a year; that his family was large, and his ſpirit liberal—no one will be ſurprized that his circumſtances were ſo poor, or that as his health decayed, his proud and feeling heart ſunk under the ſecret conſciouſneſs of indigence, and the apprehenſions of abſolute want. Yet poverty never bent the ſpirit of Burns to any pecuniary meanneſs. Neither chicanery nor ſordidneſs ever appeared in his conduct. He carried his diſregard of money to a blameable exceſs. Even in the midſt of diſtreſs he bore himſelf loftily to the world, and received with a jealous reluctance every offer of friendly aſſiſtance. He had for ſeveral years furniſhed, and was at that time furniſhing, the *Muſeum* of Johnſon with his beautiful lyrics, without fee or reward, and was obſtinately refuſing all recompenſe for his aſſiſtance to the greater work of Mr Thomſon, which the juſtice and generoſity of that gentleman was preſſing upon him.

On the death of Burns, the inhabitants of Dumfries and its neighbourhood, opened a ſubſcription for the ſupport of his wife and family, and Mr Miller, Mr M'Murdo, Dr Maxwell, Mr Syme, and Mr Alexander Cunningham, of Edinburgh, gentlemen of the firſt reſpectability, became truſtees for the application of the money to its proper objects. The ſubſcription was extended to other parts of Scotland, and of England alſo, particularly London and Liverpool. By this means a ſum was raiſed amounting to ſeven hundred pounds, and thus the widow and children were reſcued from immediate diſtreſs, and the moſt melancholy of the forebodings of Burns happily diſappointed.

Burns, as has already been mentioned, was nearly five feet ten inches in height, and of a form that indicated agility as well as ſtrength. His well-raiſed forehead ſhaded with black curling hair, indicated extenſive capacity. His eyes were large, dark, full of ardour and intelligence. His face was well formed; and his countenance uncommonly intereſting and expreſſive. His mode of dreſſing, which was often ſlovenly, and a certain fulneſs and bend in his ſhoulders, characteriſtic of his original profeſſion, diſguiſed in ſome degree the natural

* Author of "St. Guerdon's Well," a poem, and of "a Tribute to the Memory of Burns.

natural ſymmetry and elegance of his form. The external appearance of Burns was moſt ſtrikingly indicative of the character of his mind. On a firſt view, his phyſiognomy had a certain air of coarſeneſs, mingled, however, with an expreſſion of deep penetration, and of calm thoughtfulneſs that approached to melancholy.

There appeared in his firſt manner and addreſs perfect eaſe and ſelf-poſſeſſion, but a ſtern and almoſt ſupercilious elevation, not indeed incompatible with openneſs and affability, which, however, beſpoke a mind conſcious of ſuperior talents. Strangers that ſuppoſed themſelves approaching an Ayrſhire peaſant, who could make rhymes, and to whom their notice was an honour, found themſelves ſpeedily overawed by the preſence of a man who bore himſelf with dignity, and who poſſeſſed a ſingular power of correcting forwardneſs and of repelling intruſion. But though jealous of the reſpect due to himſelf, Burns never enforced it where he ſaw it was willingly paid; and though inacceſſible to the approaches of pride, he was open to every advance of kindneſs and of benevolence. His dark and haughty countenance eaſily relaxed into a look of good-will, of pity, or of tenderneſs; and as the various emotions ſucceeded each other in his mind, aſſumed with equal eaſe the expreſſion of the broadeſt humour, of the moſt extravagant mirth, of the deepeſt melancholy, or of the moſt ſublime emotion. The tones of his voice happily correſponded with the expreſſion of his features, and with the feeling of his mind. When to theſe endowments are added, a rapid and diſtinct apprehenſion, a moſt powerful underſtanding, and a happy command of language—of ſtrength as well as brilliancy of expreſſion—we ſhall be able to account for the extraordinary attractions of his converſation—for the ſorcery which in his ſocial parties he ſeemed to exert on all around him. In the company of women this ſorcery was more eſpecially apparent. Their preſence charmed the fiend of melancholy in his boſom, and awoke his happieſt feelings; it excited the powers of his fancy as well as the tenderneſs of his heart; and by reſtraining the vehemence and the exuberance of his language, at times gave to his manners, the impreſſion of taſte, and even of elegance, which in the company of men they ſeldom poſſeſſed. This influence was doubtleſs reciprocal. A Scottiſh Lady, accuſtomed to the beſt ſociety, declared with characteriſtic *naiveté*, that no man's converſation ever *carried her ſo completely off her feet* as that of Burns; and an Engliſh Lady, familiarly acquainted with ſeveral of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the preſent times, aſſured the editor, that in the happieſt of his ſocial hours, there was a charm about Burns which ſhe had never ſeen equalled. This charm aroſe not more from the power than the verſatility of his genius. No languor could be felt in the ſociety of a man who paſſed at pleaſure from *grave to gay*, from the ludicrous to the pathetic, from the ſimple to the ſublime, who wielded all his faculties with equal ſtrength and eaſe, and never failed to impreſs the offspring of his fancy with the ſtamp of his underſtanding.

This indeed is to repreſent Burns in his happieſt phaſis. In large and mixed parties, he was often ſilent and dark, ſometimes fierce and overbearing; he was jealous of the proud man's ſcorn, jealous to an extreme of the inſolence of wealth, and prone to avenge, even on its innocent poſſeſſor, the partiality of fortune. By nature kind, brave, ſincere, and in a ſingular degree compaſſionate, he was on the other hand proud, irraſcible, and vindictive. His virtues and his fail-

ings had their origin in the extraordinary ſenſibility of his mind, and equally partook of the chills and glows of ſentiment. His friendſhips were liable to interruption from jealouſy or diſguſt, and his enmities died away under the influence of pity or ſelf-accuſation. His underſtanding was equal to the other powers of his mind, and his deliberate opinions were ſingularly candid and juſt; but like other men of great and irregular genius, the opinions which he delivered in converſation were often the offſpring of temporary feelings, and widely different from the calm deciſions of his judgment. This was not merely true reſpecting the characters of others, but in regard to ſome of the moſt important points of human ſpeculation.

On no ſubject did he give a more ſtriking proof of the ſtrength of his underſtanding, than in the correct eſtimate he formed of himſelf. He knew his own failings; he predicted their conſequence; the melancholy foreboding was never long abſent from his mind; yet his paſſions carried him down the ſtream of error, and ſwept him over the precipice he ſaw directly in his courſe. The fatal defect in his character lay in the comparative weakneſs of his volition, that ſuperior faculty of the mind, which governing the conduct according to the dictates of the underſtanding, alone entitles it to be denominated rational; which is the parent of fortitude, patience and ſelf-denial; which by regulating and combining human exertions, may be ſaid to have effected all that is great in the works of man, in literature, in ſcience, or on the face of nature. The occupations of a poet are not calculated to ſtrengthen the governing powers of the mind, or to weaken that ſenſibility which requires perpetual controul, ſince it gives birth to the vehemence of paſſion as well as to the higher powers of imagination. Unfortunately the favourite occupations of genius are calculated to increaſe all its peculiarities; to nouriſh that lofty pride which diſdains the littleneſs of prudence, and the reſtrictions of order; and by indulgence, to increaſe that ſenſibility, which in the preſent form of our exiſtence is ſcarcely compatible with peace or happineſs, even when accompanied with the choiceſt gifts of fortune!

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS ON PICOT'S NEW ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.

By David Brewster, A. M.

TO explain the cauſes of the celeſtial motions, has always been reckoned by philoſophers a matter of the laſt importance to the ſcience of aſtronomy. But notwithſtanding their unanimity in this ſentiment, their explanations have been different, their theories inconſiſtent, and their hypotheſes abſurd. Influenced more by the illuſions of a creative imagination, than guided by the dictates of reaſon and common ſenſe, their inveſtigations concerning this ſubject declare to the world, that even philoſophers may err, and that whenever their reſearches about the properties of matter are carried farther than reaſon and experiment authorize, they are unable to extricate themſelves from that labyrinth in which they are involved.

The illuſtrious Kepler, though in other reſpects the glory of his country, and the ornament of philoſophy, ſuppoſed that all the planets were large animals, who, by the action of their fins upon the ethereal fluid, conducted themſelves round the ſun

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in that harmonious and regular manner which aſtronomers have obſerved. By thus animating matter, and introducing minds into the planetary bodies, the hypotheſis of Kepler became too abſurd to gain admittance, and too contradictory to require a refutation. It paved the way, however, for the Carteſian philoſophy, which, by flattering the imaginations, and expanding the vanity of its abettors, inſinuated itſelf into the minds of thoſe who were tired of the dogmas of Ariſtotle, and diſguſted with the abſurdities of Kepler. But as the ſyſtem of Vortices was not founded on the firm baſis of truth, it could not long ſtand.—The doctrine of gravitation ſucceeded; Newton overthrew the tottering erections of former pretenders; Newton ſubſtituted the ſure dictates of demonſtration in room of their imaginary dreams, and erected a ſyſtem, which will exiſt till thoſe bodies about which it is converſant are diſſolved in that univerſal wreck, which will, probably, ſome time or other, deſtroy the planetary ſyſtem.

But notwithſtanding that unlimited aſſent which philoſophers have given, and ſtill give, to the theory of univerſal gravitation, and notwithſtanding thoſe confirmations which, from the aſſiduity of modern aſtronomers, it has of late received, Monſ. Picot has propoſed a new theory to the conſideration, as he ſays, of abler men; which, in his opinion, furniſhes a ſimple and more natural explanation of the movements of the planetary world. By ſome means or other, known only to himſelf, he has diſcovered, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, he has perſuaded himſelf, that the ſun revolves about his axis with a rapidity beyond calculation, but which *he ſuppoſes* to be about a hundred times in a minute.

"This great velocity of the ſun," to uſe his own words, "gives motion "to a quantity of Ether through a "diſtance proportioned to its denſi- "ty, its magnitude, and, above all, "to the rapidity of its motion; "which motion of the Ether muſt "extend far beyond the Georgium "Sidus of Herſchel. The circular "movement which the Ether muſt "neceſſarily have, muſt communicate "itſelf to the planets, the atmoſ- "phere of which it ſurrounds; and "as the motion of the Ether muſt "be more rapid the nearer it is to "the ſun, it follows, 1*ſt*, That the "planets will be driven round the "ſun, with a velocity which will be "in the inverſe ratio of the diſtance. "2*d*, That, as the atmoſphere of "each planet will be acted upon by "a movement more rapid on the "ſide that is next the ſun, than on "that which is oppoſite, the planets "muſt make revolutions in them- "ſelves, preſenting ſucceſſively the "whole circumference of their orbs "to the ſun."

It will appear at firſt ſight that this theory is, in ſome meaſure, a revival of the Carteſian Vortices, and conſequently muſt be obnoxious to ſeveral of thoſe objections which Newton and other philoſophers have urged againſt the hypotheſis of Deſcartes. How can Monſ. Picot prove that the ſun revolves with ſuch rapidity? By what arguments is he convinced that ſpace is filled with an ethereal fluid, unleſs, like the ancients, he believes that nature abhors a vacuum? But even ſuppoſing that theſe queſtions, which are the foundation of the theory, can be anſwered ſatisfactorily, it might again be aſked, What defect is there in the Newtonian ſyſtem ſo palpable as to require the propoſal of another? The only defect which ever has been diſcovered, and which, by the bye, has been diſcovered, only, by the too penetrating eyes of Atheiſtical philoſophers, is the impoſſibility of ſhewing how the planets were originally put in motion. But to the devout philo-

philoſopher, who characterizes the hand of Omnipotence in the motion and formation of every planet that ſparkles in the firmament, and in the conſtruction of every plant that vegetates in the fields; and who can diſcover the traces of Providence in all thoſe minute variations and mutations which agitate this ſpeck of exiſtence; to him the above difficulty can never appear, but aſcribing the projectile motions of the planets to the immediate agency of that Divine Architect, who ſpake into exiſtence thoſe worlds which roll in the immenſity of ſpace; he is no way perplexed with accounting for this original motion, by that falſe metaphyſic which has, in theſe days become the tool of the infidel and the ſceptic, and has given birth to thoſe crude and indigeſted notions with which the world is continually peſtered. But after all, the very ſame defect is to be found in this new theory; for the queſtion ſtill recurs; how the ſun obtained ſuch a rapid motion round its axis?

Many other objections might be brought againſt this ſyſtem, but as theſe are very numerous, it will be neceſſary to mention only a few. By what means then can the regular motions of the ſecondary planets round their primary ones be accounted for? ſince it is evident, that the ſolar vortex interfering with that of the primary planet, and this laſt alſo interfering with the vortex cauſed by the rotation of its ſatellites, would produce the moſt unaccountable irregularities. It might alſo be aſked, how the planets can, conſiſtently with this theory, revolve round the ſun in elliptic orbits; and, if their orbits are elliptical, how are the areas deſcribed proportional to the times of deſcription? If theſe queſtions cannot be anſwered, it follows that the theory cannot account for the phenomena. But it might be ſaid, that this does not reſult from any defect in the hypotheſis, but from our ignorance of the motion which muſt be communicated to the ethereal fluid by the rotatory motion of the ſun. Allowing this, which, however, is contrary to the firſt rule of philoſophizing, a few of thoſe arguments, which the abettors of univerſal gravitation have urged againſt the Vortices of Deſcartes, will completely overturn the hypotheſis.

It is well known that the periodical times of the planets are to one another as the ſquare roots of the cubes of their diſtances, and that each planet deſcribes equal areas in equal times. By taking for granted, that the planets are carried round the ſun by the circulation of a fluid, it follows, from the firſt of theſe laws, that the velocities of the fluid orbits are inverſely *as the ſquare roots of their diſtances*; whereas from the latter it follows that the ſame velocities are inverſely *as their diſtances*. The celebrated Leibnitz* attempted to obviate this objection, by ſuppoſing a circulation, which he calls harmonic, to prevail throughout the orbits of the planets; that is, a circulation which ſuits or agrees with both the above mentioned laws. Such philoſophy as this, ſurely, is too old-faſhioned for the preſent day, it might have ſuited the genius of the tenth century. Another objection to this ſyſtem is drawn from the motion of the comets. Theſe bodies move with the greateſt facility acroſs theſe fluid orbits, without the leaſt derangement in their motion, which could not take place, if the planetary motions reſulted from the circulation of an ethereal fluid. It has alſo been remarked, that ſome force reſiding in the ſun and planets, would continually be neceſſary for ſupplying them with that motion which they communicate to the ambient fluid.

Theſe arguments, it is hoped, will be

* Vid. Acta Eruditorum 1689, p. 82, 1706, p. 446.

be ſufficient for refuting the theory now under conſideration; a theory which, though replete with contradictions, and big with abſurdities, yet, by appealing to the ſenſes, is apt to lead aſtray thoſe who find ſome difficulty in forming a proper conception of action at a diſtance, and who are ever ready to embrace the opinions of thoſe philoſophers who have attempted to account for the phenomena of gravitation, electricity, and magnetiſm by means of impulſion.

ACCOUNT OF MR LAW.

(Continued from our laſt, p. 219.)

THE intermediate adventures of Mr Law (who afterwards projected the Miſſiſippi ſcheme in France) are foreign to our purpoſe. But, in 1721, having found means to pacify the ſurviving relations of Mr Wilſon, by the payment, it is ſaid, of not leſs than 100,000l. and receiving an invitation from the Britiſh miniſtry to return to his native country, he embarked on board the Baltic ſquadron, commanded by Sir John Norris, being accommodated in that admiral's own ſhip. Landing at the Nore, Oct. 20, 1721, he proceeded to London; was preſented to King George I. by Sir John; and took a houſe in Conduit Street, where he was daily viſited by numbers of perſons of the firſt quality and diſtinction.

The favourable manner in which Mr Law was received, occaſioned no ſmall umbrage to the anti-miniſterial party, and was judged of importance ſufficient to occupy the attention of Parliament; for, when the Houſe of Lords met, on the 26th of October, Earl Coningſby repreſented to that auguſt aſſembly how dangerous it might be, on ſeveral accounts, to entertain and countenance ſuch a man as Mr Law, and deſired that a day might be appointed for taking the matter into conſideration. Their Lordſhips having appointed the 9th of November for the diſcuſſion of this buſineſs, Earl Coningſby on that day reſumed his argument; ſaying that, for his part, he could not but entertain great jealouſy of a perſon who had done ſo much miſchief in a neighbouring kingdom, and who, being ſo immenſely rich, as he was reported to be, might do a great deal more hurt here, by tampering with many who were grown deſperate, by being involved in the calamity occaſioned by the fatal imitation of his pernicious projects: that this perſon was the more dangerous, in that he had renounced not only his natural affection to his country and his allegiance to his lawful ſovereign, by being naturalized in France, and openly countenancing the Pretender's friends; but which was worſt of all, and weighed moſt with him, that he had renounced his God by turning Roman Catholic; concluding that their Lordſhips ought to inquire whether Sir John Norris had orders to bring him over. To this laſt part of the Earl's ſpeech, Lord Carteret anſwered, in ſubſtance, that Mr Law had, many years ago, the misfortune to kill a gentleman in a duel; but that having at laſt received the benefit of the king's clemency, and the appeal lodged by the relations of the deceaſed being taken off, he was come over to plead his Majeſty's moſt gracious pardon; that there was no law to keep an Engliſhman out of his own country; and as Mr Law was a ſubject of Great Britain, it was not even in the king's power to hinder him from coming home, if he thought fit. To this Lord Trevor replied,

replied, that Mr Law was indeed a ſubject of Great Britain, and therefore as ſuch had an undoubted right to come into the kingdom; but that the circumſtance of a perſon of his character being brought on board of an Engliſh admiral, and at this juncture, might deſerve the conſideration of the Houſe. Earl Cowper ſpoke much to the ſame effect: but the matter was ſuffered to drop; and Mr Law, on the 28th of November following, being the laſt day of term, pleaded at the bar of the King's Bench, on his knees, his Majeſty's pardon for the murder of Edward Wilſon, Eſq. in 1694, being attended on this occaſion by the Duke of Argyle, Lord Hay, and ſeveral other friends; each of the judges being preſented with a pair of white gloves *.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE HILL OF LIFE ; A VISION.

I Thought myſelf upon a large plain, ſurrounded with a multitude of beings like myſelf; all of us ſeemed to be very buſy, while nothing was done to purpoſe: I was at length accoſted by a venerable man, whom I took for *Reaſon*, who told me it was now high time for me to reſign ſuch vain purſuits, and proceed towards *Happineſs*; his propoſal pleaſed me, as this was the very wiſh of my heart. I hinted this to him, expreſſing, at the ſame time, my ignorance how to obtain the object of my wiſhes: upon this, he kindly took my hand, and leading me forward, ſaid, If you wiſh to be happy, forſake without delay the crowd who ſport upon this plain, and are inſenſibly withdrawn from it towards that broad path where you ſee ſuch clouds of duſt aſcending; the entrance into it is eaſy, but it gradually declines until it come to the land of *Ruin*, a dreary region, where *Miſery* and *Remorſe*, two horrid tyrants, rule with rods of iron, and never permit their unfortunate viſitors to eſcape from their inhoſpitable domains. It has, continued he, ever been my buſineſs to warn mortals of their danger, but alas! in general they little regard my moſt earneſt remonſtrances; neither do they hearken to the winning ſolicitations of

* Hiſtory of Crammond, p. 236; from the Parliamentary Regiſters, &c. A few lines will cloſe the hiſtory of Mr Law, who continued to reſide ſome years in England: he had received intelligence of the confiſcation of his whole property in France; but, being conſcious of the rectitude of his conduct in the management of the finances, and that the balance would, upon examination, be found conſiderably in his favour, he had good reaſon to flatter himſelf with the hopes of receiving a large ſum, eſpecially as the regent always profeſſed a more than ordinary regard for him, and continued punctually to remit his official ſalary of 20,000 livres a year. But the death of his Royal Highneſs, December 2, 1723, was a fatal blow to the hopes of Mr Law; who, in a memorial to the Duke of Bourbon, dated October 15, 1724, ſtates himſelf as "bankrupt, not only in France, but alſo in other "countries," and "his children, courted by the moſt conſiderable families in "France, as deſtitute of fortune and eſtabliſhment. I had it in my power," he ſays, "to have ſettled my daughter in marriage in the firſt houſes in Italy, Ger-"many, and England: but I refuſed all offers of that nature, thinking it incon-"ſiſtent with my duty to, and my affection for the ſtate, in whoſe ſervice I had "the honour to be engaged." He bade a final adieu to Britain in 1725, and fixed his reſidence at Venice, where he concluded the checquered courſe of his life, in a ſtate but little removed from indigence, March 21, 1729, in his 58th year, and was buried in one of the churches of that city, where a monument erected to his memory is ſtill to be ſeen.

of that lady, who, if you look forward towards the right, is ſo earneſt with the croud. I turned and beheld a very comely perſonage, her name was *Religion*: ſhe ſpoke with a pathos and energy which I never heard equalled; but with all her eloquence, her ſucceſs in ſecuring followers ſeemed very inconſiderable: a few indeed followed her, but by the greater part ſhe was neglected: ſome laughed, others mocked, and rudely entreated her diſciples. I obſerved, at no great diſtance, a number of evil genii counteracting her influence; their names were, *Self-will*, *Worldly Pleaſure*, and *Earthly mindedneſs*, who with ſoft words and fair ſpeeches beguiled many; but I obſerved them ſoon abaſhed if *Religion* turned her eyes towards them: this induced me to deſire my guide to introduce me to the lady, when he chearfully complied. She received me with tenderneſs, and with great affability bade me welcome: her countenance was ſerene, her eye heavenly, and her dreſs angelic: ſhe conducted me toward her palace; it ſtood upon an eminence: as we aſcended, I found my ſight relieved and improved, for the groſs atmoſphere and dazzling ſhadows of the plain below were injurious to the eyes. Upon review, I found that I had committed many miſtakes; deceived by the falſe medium, I had conſidered ſhadows as ſubſtances, taken forms for realities, the appearance of the evil genii was much changed, they appeared now as ſo many haggard ſpectres; I ſaw that their fine attire was only the covering of deceit, their pretenſions to pleaſure were only mere imagination, their wit appeared folly, and their former proſpects of bliſs, they held forth to my view, I now was aſſured were baſeleſs as the reveries of the ſick.

We had now reached the palace, it was grand beyond deſcription, built with divine magnificence. My conductor in the moſt-obliging manner pointed out its beauties, and informed me, that it was modeled before time, and was begun to be built at a very early period; that it was the workmanſhip of the *Great Maſter Builder*, who built all things; that he had employed under him the moſt celebrated workmen that ever lived. The firſt wing of the palace was ſupported by five pillars, finiſhed by a moſt ingenious artiſt, ſkilled in all the learning of Egypt; on theſe were accurately delineated ſome ſurpriſing hiſtories, as the creation, the deluge, the ſublime ſcene on Mount Sinai, the eſcape of the choſen tribes, their travels, and triumphant entrance into an earthly paradiſe, interſperſed with figures of the paſtoral life, with views of the antient and emblematic manner of ſacrifice, with tables of eternal laws, and the cuſtoms peculiar to the lords of Canaan. The other wing was equally auguſt, and, although more modern, formed a beautiful counterpart to the former wing. I was told the workmen who had been employed in the ſtructure of this, were men of mean original, but endowed with talents far ſuperior to the moſt of mankind, particularly, that one of the artiſts had acquired wonderful ſkill, being the particular favourite of the *Great Maſter*, who had communicated to him plans of all the maſonry of *New Jeruſalem*; that another of the artiſts had travelled as a chief builder almoſt through the whole world, had ſeen antient Athens and Rome in its glory, had taken out his diploma in the third heavens, where he had finiſhed his education. On this part of the building appeared, in beautiful ſculpture, tables of the pureſt morals, aſtoniſhing narratives, and a variety of miracles wrought while the palace was building, and all as expreſſive and diſtinct as when finiſhed. I ſaw, lively as life, the lame ſtarting with agility

agility and joy from the long preſſed couch; the blind opening their eyes with delightful tranſport, and the dead with pleaſing aſtoniſhment introduced again into life, from the coffin or the cave. The center of the edifice was no leſs magnificent, the ſublime and pious ſkill of David, the wiſdom of Solomon, the comprehenſive genius, and admirable hand of the Son of Amos, with the fine taſte and execution of many other builders, were exhibited here in all their commanding excellencies: this part was not without its ornaments, the ſculpture was inimitably dignified; not only hiſtory, but events to come were repreſented in characters, though enigmatic, yet accurate. Upon this part of the building, a web of myſterious texture was extended, in which were woven all the colours of the rainbow: upon inquiry, I was told it was called *Providence*, that it was moved along by machinery inſcrutable to mortals: through it I could diſcern darkened ſuns, falling ſtars, iſlands flying away, rivers dried up, ſtreams penetrating and fertilizing the deſart, a great red dragon mortally wounded by a man ſeated on a white horſe, lambs and lions in union, barren hills beginning to bloom, ſwords and ſpears turned into ſickles and plough-ſhares, the thunder of war ſilenced with the ſongs of ſalvation; knowledge, peace, and joy clothing the wide world with beauty.

My conductor now led me into the palace; the furniture within expreſſed the ſame noble taſte that was ſo conſpicuous on the outſide of the fabric. I was filled with admiration, awe, and delight; here I ſaw parlours for converſation, oratories for devotion, muſeums that contained every thing valuable in antiquity, chambers for refreſhment and repoſe, galleries adorned with all the graces, maps of the Land of Bliſs, with accurate plans of the road thereto, ſeveral intereſting pictures of death, judgment, heaven, and hell: ſketches of a wonderful creature that muſt be twice born before it can live, that lives by the death of another, and, though inhabiting earth, hath its head in heaven, with an account of its friends and foes, food and diſeaſes. Frequent pictures of his majeſty the *King of Kings* embelliſhed the palace, which, I was told, had a ſtrange and happy influence upon beholders, ſo as to produce a gradual improvement upon the features of the moſt deformed. Methought I was then brought to the roof of the palace; here the moſt ample proſpect imaginable opened before me: my wiſe conductor, ever ſtudious to inform, deſired me to look toward the left hand, where I ſaw the multitude on the plain roaming down the declining path, totally unaffected with their condition; imaginary ſcenes of joy hurried them forward; they were ſtill graſping at one phantom of pleaſure after another, while the pleaſing viſion as oft eluded their graſp, yet danced before them in ſome other new form. They would not liſten to me, ſaid my conductor, their own will they would have; they have ſwallowed the faſcinating bait of pleaſure, and ere long ſhall feel the hook of pain harrowing their inmoſt ſoul with agoniſing horror. She had no ſooner ſpoken, than I beheld a man of gigantic ſtature deſcend the hill, clothed in armour; his name was *Vengeance*, his march was ſlow, but he went ſtraight on his way; he had a number of attendants, armed with all ſorts of hoſtile weapons, which were diſcharged ever and anon among the deluded travellers; many were wounded, ſlain, and puſhed over the brink of a river, whoſe banks were ſteep, its waters black and ſtagniſh. I obſerved that it ran adjoining and parallel to the road for many miles, when it turned ſhort, and cut off the road; but there I perceived no bridge, but could diſcern volumes

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of ſmoke and livid gleams of fire; it was the city of *Deſtruction*.

I plainly ſaw the havock made by *Vengeance* and his troops had little effect upon the travellers; they called it Chance, and Ill-fortune, and went on in the rounds of thoughtleſsneſs and folly. I ſaw alſo another perſon interpoſing herſelf betwixt deluded mortals and *Ruin:* her form was lovely and inviting, her name was *Mercy*; ſhe ſpoke with the moſt engaging eloquence, ſhe offered her hand to help the travellers back to a narrow aſcending path, which ſhe inſiſted was the only way to eſcape; ſhe alſo diſtributed unnumbered favours; but theſe, though greedily received, were ſcorned; the tears and intreaties of *Mercy* were with the multitude unavailing: however, I ſaw ſome heſitating in the courſe, but no ſooner did they begin to halt, or caſt their eyes upward, but a number of fiends attacked them, attempting to pull them forward; theſe were *Evil-habit*, *Bad Example*, *Senſuality*, *Pride*, and *Faſhion*, who ridiculed their ſcruples. Many, allured by theſe flatteries, perſiſted in their former courſe; but a few, in good earneſt, turned up the narrow path; it was of difficult aſcent, perplexed with thorns, through which, with ſhame and weeping, they ſtruggled toward a gate that ſtood on the brow of the hill. My guide aſſured me, that the path was called *Repentance*, and the gate *Regeneration*. Above it ſtood the ſign of the Son of Man. I obſerved the narrow path ſtrewed with numerous articles, which the travellers had thrown away while climbing up; I ſaw heaps of falſe weights, unjuſt balances and meaſures, maſks, and tickets for lotteries, balls, and plays: hard by the gate ſtood an old but very ſtrong tower, through which the travellers had to paſs, in which a large fire burned, and often with ſuch fervour, that it turned the viſitants moiſture into the drought of ſummer; here the light of day was ſcarcely admitted, yet, notwithſtanding the great heat of the hall, I obſerved the floor was ſtill wet, for there many tears were ſhed, and many ſighs and groans were heard. What chiefly fixed my attention, was a collection of remarkable pictures, which repreſented, to each entrant, a very minute and particular view of the various ſcenes of his paſt life. Of theſe a reverend monitor had the charge, whoſe officious aſſiduity was often painful to the poor pilgrims, in cauſing them frequently to review the pictures; at each ſurvey their trembling and aſtoniſhment encreaſed, while he, with a ſtern look and ſevere tone, repeated, "This and this haſt thou done." The ſeverity of his manners, and the expreſſive plainneſs and truth of each repreſentation, ſo powerfully affected many, that they fell proſtrate among duſt and aſhes, crying out, "Lord, be merciful to me a ſinner." At this juncture, two meſſengers were diſpatched from the palace to ſuccour them; upon their arrival at the hall, one of them opened a door, which, while it admitted the chearful light and cooling air, fronted exactly to the gate, and alſo to the palace; the other, with great activity and tenderneſs, raiſed up the proſtrate pilgrims, led them to the door lately opened: methought as ſoon as they lifted up their eyes, and ſaw the ſacred emblem above the gate, their countenances at once expreſſed joy and ſorrow. As ſoon as they were able to be removed, their obliging attendants *Faith* and *Hope* ſupported them to the gate; their faces, at this criſis, ſpoke ſtrong apprehenſions of being refuſed admittance, but extreme neceſſity impelling them, they began to knock in good earneſt, and whilſt they were yet ſpeaking, the gate was opened, and they were carried quite through, into a large room, where they were allowed to

recline on green couches, or walk at liberty as they were diſpoſed. In this *Houſe of Mercy*, ſo was it called, their wounds were healed with leaves from the tree of life, they were comforted with apples, refreſhed with water from the rock of ages, and made to drink of a wonderful wine that goeth down ſweetly, cauſing the lips of them that are aſleep to ſpeak. Now the ſun walking in his brightneſs gilded their dwelling, and the cooling ſouth wind was prudently admitted into their chamber, whoſe roof now began to reſound with heavenly muſic. It appeared, from ſome notes of the ſong, that their preſent reſidence, however comfortable, was not their home: I was ſoon confirmed in my conjecture, when I ſaw a number of people, ſeemingly of diſtinction, enter their chamber, each of whom preſented them with various implements neceſſary both for travel and war. *Truth* bound her radiant girdle about their loins, *Juſtice* placed her poliſhed breaſtplate over their heart, *Faith* furniſhed them with an impenetrable ſhield, *Hope* crowned their head with her all-ſaving helmet, *Patience* gave them ſandals for their feet, and put ſtaves in their hands, and *Charity* arrayed them with a cloak, large and flowing, and yet light and eaſy, which greatly improved their appearance, and rendered them highly acceptable to one another. During this ceremony, many ſpeeches appropriate to the occaſion were pronounced. Methought they now addreſſed themſelves to the journey; I could not ſuppreſs my inquiries concerning the path they had to purſue, and the place of their deſtination. My guide gratified me, by ſhewing me an aſcending road, that ſtretched along a chain of verdant mountains, ornamented with ſcenery of all kinds. I obſerved frequent watch towers placed on the way ſide, in which faithful centinels were placed, who were of great ſervice to the travellers, in giving them direction and encouragement; they taught them the uſe of their armour, and pointed out the courſe of their future journey. What chiefly occupied my attention, was a number of buildings erected at convenient diſtances, which I was told were ſtages, built for the acommodation of the travellers, where they were received with cordial affection, and treated at free coſt. There, ſaid my kind conductor, on that eminence, is an inn, from which the *Land of Felicity* can be diſcovered, as well as the plain behind, and the broad path below: don't you ſee the ſign hung out? Favouring me with his glaſs, I could plainly perceive it ornamented with a figure of the patriarch Iſaac at the well Laharoi, with this inſcription; "*My meditation of him ſhall be ſweet.*" The inn beyond that, reſumed my guide, over which you obſerve a column of ſmoke beautifully aſcending, that is the *Houſe of Prayer*. On the next hill, you will ſee a high-roofed edifice of fair materials, ſurrounded with groves, filled with the voice of melody and praiſe. About ſeven days journey from this, continued he, ſtands (to many of the travellers) the moſt acceptable inn of all, where they are allowed to ſit down at Wiſdom's table, and eat of manna that came from heaven, and drink a cup of richer wine than paradiſe, even before the fall, could furniſh; it is an emblem of that infinite price which purchaſed all theſe accommodations by the way, and the large *Land of Glory* beyond the river.

I looked forward to the outmoſt limits that I could diſcern, and beheld a building, to my view, placed in a dreary vale, with many things about it of a terrific aſpect, as ſpears and ſwords, and other warlike inſtruments, with the appearance of lions and ſerpents. This frightful group alarmed me not a little; I expreſſed

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my fears, leaſt the pilgrims, who might, by the time they reached that place, be worn out with fatigue, ſhould have to engage enemies ſuperior to their ſtrength. To quiet my apprehenſions, my guide deſired me to make uſe of his glaſs, when, upon a ſecond view, I found that the *Inn of Death* did not ſtand in a diſmal vale, but upon the very ſummit of the *Hill of Life*; that it was often fanned with ſweet breezes from the paradiſe of God, and only ſeparated by a very narrow vale, very much frequented by heavenly meſſengers, who were conſtantly paſſing and repaſſing from the inn to the *Manſions of Bliſs*, with travellers as ſoon as they arrived. I ſaw alſo the military weapons were broken, the lions and ſerpents dead, being the ſpoils of a complete victory won by the *Prince of Life*. I was ſo delighted with the diſcovery, that I thereupon awoke, and my ſleep was ſweet and refreſhing.

KINNESSWOOD. } *Jan.* 1799. } *J. B.*

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

ON THE EFFECTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION UPON SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

——————Headlong themſelves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven. MILTON.

IT is a maxim founded on the intimate connection between body and ſpirit, and confirmed by the uniform and uncontradicted experience of ages, that climate and ſituation have a powerful influence upon the human mind; with equal certainty may it be affirmed, that the form of government under which a nation lives produces ſimilar effects upon the genius and abilities of its inhabitants. In a country whoſe government is mild and gentle, and, like ours, depends, in ſome meaſure, on the will of the people, the inhabitants are diſtinguiſhed by a ſtrength of mind fitted for deep reſearch and profound inveſtigation. But in a country where anarchy prevails and deſpotiſm is predominant; where cruelty rears its head and liberty is known only by name; in a country where the dictates of reaſon and ſound policy are ſmothered by the flood of popular opinion,—mental indolence and inactivity univerſally prevail, and its inhabitants employ upon trifles that capacity and thoſe powers which are uſed by the other for the inveſtigation of truth and the amelioration of the human race. Such is the ſtate of two powerful nations at preſent ſtruggling for exiſtence. The philoſophers of Britain have enlarged the boundaries of ſcience, and graced the cloſe of the eighteenth century with diſcoveries brilliant in the extreme—diſcoveries which will ever immortalize their author, and endear, to the lateſt poſterity, the name of his Royal Patron. But where is the genius, where the diſcoveries of the philoſophers of France? Have they not ſunk into the grave with Louis? Have they not expired with Lavoiſier, Condorcet and Bailly? Behold that dull ſpark of genius which yet remains, exerted in the invention of inſtruments deſtined for the annoyance and deſtruction of the human race! Behold her celebrated aſtronomer inveighing, with inveterate rancour, againſt the Britiſh philoſophers, and depreciating that genius and thoſe abilities which do honour to the ſucceſſors of *Newton!*

Theſe are the effects of that revolution which, by its cruelty, has aſtoniſhed, and, by its influence, convulſed the four quarters of the globe.

Have we not ſeen religion aboliſhed by the authority of the Legiſlature, its miniſters forced to emigrate to a diſtant ſhore, and *Nature* and *Reaſon* ſubſtituted in the room of Deity? Have we not ſeen morality, not that which is the offspring of utility, expediency or the fitneſs of things, but that which is eternal, immutable, and unalterable as the will of Deity, enduring the ſame fate, and enſhrined in the ſame tomb? Have we not ſeen the ſacred banners of liberty unfurled at the foot of the guillotine, and trampled under the feet of the executioner? Have we not ſeen the altars of *Freedom* ſtained with the blood of the beſt of philoſophers, and ſmoking with the aſhes of expiring innocence? At the recollection of what has there happened, who, O gracious Heaven! can withold a ſympathetic tear? Who can reſtrain thoſe burſtings of the heart which impell the feeling mind to participate in the ſorrows of others, and alleviate the pangs of undeſerving wretchedneſs?

But this is not all. That ſame venom which has palſied the intellects of her own people, ſhe has ſucceſſively attempted to infuſe into the breaſts of Britons; but, thank God, the paroxiſm has not been violent, nor its effects extenſive. But while *Religion* and Morality are the badges of the Britiſh nation, and while her inhabitants put their confidence in Power Supreme, the lightning of infidelity will flath, and the thunderbolts of Democracy will rage in vain. While her philoſophers purſue in their enquiries the dictates of *Bacon*, and delight in being denominated the followers of *Newton*, the ſtream of ſcience will ever flow pure and unpoluted, and a philoſophy will be handed down to ſucceeding generations, unſullied with the crimes of its abettors, and untinctured with the jargon of modern philoſophiſts.

GEO. SQUARE. *D. B.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION OF ARTS TO THE FIRST CONSUL BONAPARTE ON THE ANTIQUITIES OF UPPER EGYPT.

By Citizen Ripaud, Librarian to the Inſtitute of Egypt.

Remarks on the Deſcriptions of former Travellers.

Citizen Firſt Conſul,

I Have the honour to preſent to you an abridged deſcription of the principal monuments of Upper Egypt: it is extracted from very extenſive obſervations, written on their ſeveral ſituations. I have avoided, as much as poſſible, a repetition of what has been ſaid by travellers who have preceded us.

I have added a very haſty account of the labours which have engaged the Commiſſion of Arts. The work which it propoſes to publiſh under your auſpices, will give a more correct idea of what it has done, than the moſt circumſtantial hiſtory can produce.

No preceding traveller has paſſed through Egypt with the ſame ſecurity, that we have conſtantly enjoyed, and which we owe to you.

The courſe of the Nile ſhould now be as well known as that of any river in Europe. The poſition of the principal monuments and of the moſt important cities, has been determined by aſtronomical obſervations.

At Phylæ, the ſuppoſed burial-place of Oſiris, and the ultimate limit of the Roman empire on the coaſt of Ethiopia, we have engraved the longitude and latitude of that iſland, and of the city of Syene. At Thebes we alſo engraved on the weſtern gate of the palace of Carnack, thoſe of twelve of the moſt ancient cities.

cities. We acknowledge our ſatisfaction in aſſociating, after a lapſe of five or ſix thouſand years, our imperfect obſervations with the duration of thoſe imperiſhable monuments.

We have encamped during twenty-five days on the ruins of this ancient capital of Egypt. This reſidence, from the number of perſons employed in the Commiſſion, was equivalent to that of an individual during the ſpace of two years; and we enjoyed the advantage of having a much larger number of eyes employed on the ſame objects. We diſcuſſed on the very places themſelves, the different opinions which have directed our attention to the patient examination of the architecture, the temples, the palaces, the general effect, and the more minute detail of the ſculpture and baſſo-relievos.

Being accompanied by a portable library which was intruſted to my care, we have compared the deſcriptions of former travellers, with the monuments of which they have endeavoured to convey ſome idea. We have, however, felt with ſome degree of mortification, that, in conſequence of their exaggerated praiſes, their writings and even their drawings have leſſened the meaſure of that intereſt which thoſe monuments really poſſeſs.

The views given by Norden are equally inaccurate and inſignificant. His deſcriptions are obſcure, for he was not ſufficiently inſtructed. Beſides, he was of a timid character; and actually viſited the iſland of Phylæ by the light of a lantern.

Paul Lucas is a very inconſiderate, unreflecting traveller, and ſubject to a ridiculous ſpirit of exaggeration. He has deſcribed as granite the freeſtone of which all the temples of Upper Egypt are conſtructed.

Sicard, more ſagacious and correct, has contributed very much to illuſtrate what was obſcure and uncertain in the ancient geography of this country. In this view he has proved a very able aſſiſtant to our countryman d'Anville.

That diſtinguiſhed ſcholar has been the continual object of our aſtoniſhment. By the force alone of his critical ſagacity, he has aſſigned, with a degree of accuracy, which is perfectly aſtoniſhing, the poſition of ancient cities and villages, as well as the courſe of canals, in a country which he had never viſited.

The Conſul Maillet, Vanſleb, and the tranſcriber Savary, offer nothing that is true or uſeful in their works.

The two moſt eminent travellers who have written on Egypt, are Granger and Pococke. The firſt, who was a phyſician, and a Frenchman, viſited this country in the year 1730, and it is very much to be regretted that his work is ſo ſhort. This author is well informed, judicious, and of excellent authority.

The ſecond is the moſt learned of them all, and his deſcriptions approach the neareſt to the truth. Nor was he deficient either in activity or reſolution. Almoſt every thing that he himſelf wrote is good; but the drawings, which he cauſed others to execute, are very inaccurate.

Though we appear to pronounce with ſome degree of ſeverity on the merits of theſe writers, we are ready, at the ſame time, to bear teſtimony to the numberleſs difficulties which they experienced; difficulties of which we could ſcarce entertain a ſuſpicion, from the accommodations which your diſtinguiſhed kindneſs commanded for us.

Egyptian Architecture.

The eternal duration of their monuments, was the object which the Egyptians propoſed in erecting them; and twenty of their temples are ſtill ſeen in as high a ſtate of preſervation as the moſt modern of our ſtructures. Their ſtrength is, indeed, favoured by

by the climate, which is not calculated to injure or deſtroy them.

Egypt is the cradle of architecture; the monuments which are ſtill ſeen there, have attained the principal object which is propoſed by this art. They produce aſtoniſhment.

That ſolidity with which they are ſometimes reproached, is connected with ſtrength; and it is owing to ſuch a circumſtance, that, after a period of ſix thouſand years, we behold theſe gigantic buildings.

The elegance of proportion, the grace of detail, beauty, harmony, and general reſult, are enchanting in the Greek orders. The boldneſs and lightneſs of the upper parts pleaſe in the Gothic edifices; maſſiveneſs and ſolidity are impoſing in the monuments of the Egyptians.

When they firſt erected a column, they appear to have had no other object than to place the cup of the *lotus* upon its ſtem. It was an homage offered to the plant which, from their firſt eſtabliſhment, had furniſhed to the new coloniſts an wholeſome and abundant ſuſtenance.

No traveller, before us, had remarked the reſemblance of the Egyptian columns with the different productions of nature; and, nevertheleſs, thoſe who erected them employed their utmoſt ſkill to render the imitation perfect. On the baſe of the column they engraved, in a circular form, the leaves of the *nymphea* or water-lily; and gave to the part of the ſhaft neareſt the capital, the form of a bundle of the ſtems of the *lotus*.

They afterwards extended this love of imitation to other productions of the vegetable kingdom, and they repreſented the bud of the ſame plant, with the head of the date-tree; and, among the ornaments of ten different capitals, they have deſigned the branches of the ſan palm-tree, and the flowers of the *nelumbo*.

It is very eaſy to obſerve certain points of conformity between the architecture of the Egyptians and that of the Greeks. The latter appear to have at firſt adopted, without the leaſt alteration, the columns raiſed on the banks of the Nile; but they ſoon brought them to their preſent perfection, by the power and influence of their admirable taſte and genius.

The plan of their moſt elegant temples is alſo taken from the ſmall peripteral temples of the Egyptians.

Thus is the ingenious fable of Vitruvius deſtroyed, who attributes the origin of architecture to an imitation of the wooden cabins which were inhabited by the moſt ancient people of Greece. Their deſcendants, anxious to attribute to themſelves every kind of diſcovery, were very cautious of diſcovering their obligations to the Egyptians in this art. Without mentioning any of the great number which they owed to that people, they have, in general terms, praiſed them for their wiſdom, which has ſince been conſidered, not only with leſs veneration, but with ſome degree of doubt as to its exiſtence.

Tombs of the Ancient Egyptians—Cambyſes.

The chain of mountains oppoſite to Thebes is pierced with an aſtoniſhing number of ſepulchral grottos. The learned men who preceded us, neglected to examine them, and they alone would have dignified the reſearch of any traveller. The order of their poſition on the ſide of the mountain, was regulated by the wealth of thoſe who occupied them. Thoſe which were neareſt to the level of the earth belonged to the moſt opulent families; their ſpace and their decorations evidently proved it: thoſe of the citizens of moderate fortune were about half way up the rock; while the poor occupied the moſt elevated ſituations, and they are the moſt intereſting of them all.

The

The hiſtory of the progreſs of civilization is ſeen in the baſſo-relievos on the paintings in freſco, which repreſent the various labours of the ancient Egyptians. Hunting, fiſhing, tillage, harveſts, navigation, the traffic of the money-changer, military exerciſes, the practice of certain arts and trades, with marriage, and funeral ceremonies, are repreſented in a thouſand places.

In every part of Upper Egypt, near the ſite or the ruins of an ancient city, the tombs of its inhabitants may be found in the mountains; and the hiſtory of every Egyptian who is buried there is traced on the wall.

Theſe grottos ſerved as aſylums for the earlieſt inhabitants of the borders of the Nile. They afterwards became their laſt abode, and the awful conſervatory of thoſe bodies, which, as they believed, were once again to ſee the light. Some ages after, the pious and enthuſiaſtic anchorites buried themſelves alive in theſe awful receptacles, to continue, as it were, their ancient deſtination.

When population, accompanying the ſeat of the monarchy, deſcended towards Lower Egypt, the kings, who eſtabliſhed themſelves at Memphis, impreſſed with an idea of the power and greatneſs which was aſſociated with the ſepulchres of the Theban kings, determined to rival the labours of their predeceſſors, and erected the pyramids.

The love of the gigantic, which is peculiar to the nations of the Eaſt, produced theſe monuments; and the Greek kings of Alexandria did not diſdain to imitate thoſe who had preceded them.

When we reflect on theſe temples, palaces, tombs, and imperiſhable ſtructures, we are naturally led to aſk under whoſe government they have been erected? and when we are informed it was under that of prieſts, we ſhould be aſtoniſhed that the ſacerdotal authority had attained to ſuch an height, if we did not reflect that the Egyptians had then arrived at a point of civilization, when religion never fails to acquire a very predominating influence.

Cambyſes ſubverted the government of the prieſts, and threw down the monuments which they had erected. The traces remain of thoſe wedges which divided the coloſſus of Memnon, and broke in pieces the obeliſks of Thebes. Whether it was from ignorance or from policy, is of little conſequence; the reſult is the ſame. Nevertheleſs, the intereſts of truth demand this diſcuſſion, as it may contribute to enlarge our knowledge of the influence and power of the prieſts over the inhabitants of Egypt.

Cambyſes appears to have had a taſte for the arts; he tranſported into Perſia various pieces of ſculpture that were precious, both for the materials of which they were compoſed, and the ſkill that executed them. He invited into his dominions that colony of artiſts which erected the ſtill exiſting palace of Perſepolis. He could have, therefore, no other object than to diminiſh, if not to annihilate, the reſpect of the Egyptians for their prieſts, by breaking in pieces the monuments which contributed to maintain that veneration. He revenged himſelf on that claſs alone, and the objects of their adoration, for the revolts of the citizens: how happy would he have been if he had ſhed no other blood than that of the ox Apis!

Palace of Memnon.—Coloſſal Figures.

The principal monuments erected upon the left bank of the river, and the only ones which can be reaſonably ſuppoſed to have depended on Thebes, are the Memnonium, or the palace of Memnon; Medinet-abou, another palace; and the two coloſſal ſtatues ſo celebrated for their prodigious height.

The

The Memnonium looks to the eaſt. In one of its courts are ſeen the remains of the celebrated ſtatue of red granite, which may be conſidered as that of Memnon. Its height was ſixty-four feet, and its remains are ſcattered forty feet around it. One of its feet ſubſiſts almoſt entire. Its breadth is four feet and an half, and one of its ears meaſured thirty-nine inches in length. The excavations are ſtill viſible where the wedges were placed, which divided the monument when it was thrown down by Cambyſes. At the entrance of the gate which leads from the ſecond court to the palace, are the remains of a coloſſal ſtatue of granite of leſſer proportions; the head is in perfect preſervation, and of roſe-coloured granite, while the reſt is black. It is the moſt precious monument of the ancient Egyptian ſculpture: the execution is admirable. The Memnonium had not been finiſhed, as well as the greater part of the Egyptian works, where by the ſide of objects but roughly hewn are ſeen examples of exquiſite workmanſhip.

To the ſouth of the palace, and at the foot of the Libycus, in the enclоſure of an ancient Copht convent, there is a little temple of Iſis, which is truly precious from the perfect ſtate of its preſervation, as well as from the execution and intereſting ſubjects of the pictures that it contains.

To the north of the ſame palace there are the ruins of an Egyptian ſtructure, which appears to have belonged to a temple, and to be a much more recent work than any of the other Egyptian monuments: this appears from the care with which the hieroglyphics were engraven, and a peculiar kind of vaulted roof, a portion of which is ſtill entire. It is not formed on the ſame principles as ours, and proves that the Egyptians knew not the modern mode of turning an arch.

Between the Memnonium and the palace of Medinet-abou are the largeſt coloſſal figures which now remain in Egypt: their baſes are eleven feet in height; though the raiſing of the earth has buried about ſix feet of them. The marks which the Nile has left againſt their ſides, riſe to within twenty-eight inches of the foot of the ſtatues; which proves, that, ſince their conſtruction, a maſs of earth has been formed from the ſediment of the river to the height of eight feet eight inches. The northern coloſſus has been broken in its upper part. A Roman prefect ordered it to be reſtored; on its thighs and legs are various Greek and Latin inſcriptions, which atteſt, that thoſe who wrote them had heard the voice of Memnon reſounding from the ſtatue at the riſing of the ſun.

The height of them is about fifty-eight feet. Their attitude is the ſame as that of the other ſitting figures. Three ſmall female figures accompany each of the coloſſal ſtatues. They are ſtanding on each ſide of the chair, and between the legs of the principal figure.

Between the Memnonium and Medinet-abou, and diſtant about half a league from each of them, are the remains of a great number of coloſſal figures, and the traces of buildings which indicate that theſe two places communicated with each other by ſtructures that filled up the whole ſpace between them. This maſs of edifices appears to have compoſed, according to Diodorus Siculus, the tomb of Oſymandias. We are confirmed in this conjecture by the conformity which exiſts between the monuments in their preſent ſtate, and the extenſive as well as preciſe deſcriptions which that writer has left of pictures which are found in both the palaces. Theſe paintings repreſent the ſieges of fortified towns, hoſtile invaſions, and victories obtained by the Egyptians. The barbarians with

with whom they are engaged, as well as themſelves, are repreſented as making uſe of cars, but with this difference, that three of them are placed in each car. The one holds the reins which guide the horſes, the other draws the bow, and the third protects them both with his buckler.

Worſhip of the Chriſtians in the Ancient Temples.

Amidſt the monuments of ancient Thebes, many traces are found of the worſhip of the firſt Chriſtians, during the four hundred years that they enjoyed the free exerciſe of their religion: they appear to have performed their ceremonies even in the temples of their anceſtors. The images of Chriſt and the ſaints are not uncommon there: they are painted in freſco, and decorated with rays of glory. The greater part of the ſtatues which adorn the temples and the palaces, have been mutilated by Chriſtians and Turks. The firſt effaced the repreſentations of animals, which their religious notions held forth as devils; the ſecond undertook to throw down thoſe of men. There is every reaſon to ſuppoſe, that, at a certain epocha, the government encouraged theſe acts of barbariſm; as the zeal for deſtruction has operated in places where it could not have effected its purpoſes, without the aid of great mechanical powers.

Mummies.

The ancient Egyptians, from the king to the loweſt of his ſubjects, were very attentive to the conſtruction of their burying-places, in the firm belief that, after ſeveral thouſand years, the ſoul would return to inhabit the body, if, during that time, it ſhould have remained undiſturbed. Hence proceeded the cuſtom of embalming, and the poſition of ſepulchres inacceſſible to the inundation of the river.

In the neighbourhood of the Memnonium, and among the grottos of private individuals, many are found which are ſtill filled with the fragments of mummies. When the Arabs, who conſider the grottos as the property of each family, apprehend that they may be viſited by ſtrangers, they ſet fire to the mummies which they contain, in order to turn the curious from the reſearch. There are ſome of theſe caverns ſtill untouched; as the perſevering traveller has not yet diſcovered them.

The ſepulchres of the rich, however, are exhauſted. None of the mummies which are ſold by the people of the country are dreſſed in the envelope, upon which the figure of Death was painted. A few fragments of theſe envelopes are all which now appears. It is indeed very extraordinary, that, to this moment, no traveller has found the manuſcripts on the papyrus, which the mummies of diſtinguiſhed perſons never fail to encloſe: theſe manuſcripts are, without contradiction, the moſt ancient that have been preſerved; and appear to contain the prayers made for the dead and by their particular direction. They are written in hieroglyphics or characters, and are decorated with drawings that reſemble the pictures which cover the walls of the ſepulchres.

Many of the mummies have the nails both of their hands and feet gilt. Two rolls of the papyrus are ſometimes found with them, which are often placed under the arm-pits, though they are alſo depoſited in the diviſion of the thighs, and near the organs of generation. The French, during their ſtay in Egypt, found eight or ten of theſe manuſcripts entire.

Letter of Citizen Deroziere the younger, Engineer Mineralogiſt, and Member of the Commiſſion of Arts and Sciences in Egypt, addreſſed to his

his Father, a Notary at Melun; dated Cairo.

I have employed all the means in my power to aſcend various heights, as well in the deſerts of Libya, as in thoſe between Egypt and the Red Sea. My principal journey was from Heſney to Coſſeir, a port of the Red Sea, where the commerce between Egypt and Arabia is tranſacted. The French were preparing to march, in order to get poſſeſſion of that point, at the moment when I arrived at Heſney; I determined, therefore, to accompany them. This journey is long and laborious, and performed on dromedaries, as horſes would be incapable of ſupporting the fatigue.

I have done every thing in Egypt which it was poſſible for me to accompliſh. The journey which I have juſt completed was the only one that could be intereſting to me. It was an object of importance to become acquainted with the mineralogy of Upper Egypt, and particularly of that part of it which is ſituate between Egypt and the Red Sea: theſe diſtricts had never been examined by any naturaliſt; ſome of them had not been even viſited by any traveller; and their poſition, which is not correctly known, has been placed, at a venture, on the geographical charts, from ſuch information as could be obtained from ſome inhabitants of the country.

In the purſuit of theſe reſearches I had an opportunity of ſeeing, in the moſt complete detail, the monuments of the ancient Egyptians, with which this part of Egypt ſtill abounds.

I employed twenty-two days in examining the ruins of ancient Thebes, which, if it really occupied the ſpace now aſſigned to it, could not have been leſs than Paris.

Thoſe who are acquainted with the moſt diſtinguiſhed monuments of Rome and of Greece, will, nevertheleſs, view with aſtoniſhment the ancient monuments of Egypt. They will there perceive the ſource from whence the Greeks have derived almoſt every thing which we admire in their architecture.

The greater part of the Egyptian monuments conſiſt of temples, whoſe interior arrangement is almoſt always formed on the ſame plan. The acceſſory buildings are ſubject to a greater degree of variation: they are in general very fine porticos, which have from four to ſix columns in front, with three or four in depth, and whoſe capitals, almoſt always differing from each other, produce a very ſingular effect, but by no means diſagreeable to the eye.

In order to arrive at theſe porticos it is ſometimes neceſſary to traverſe large courts, furniſhed with ranges of columns, whoſe capitals preſent the ſame variety. The ſhafts of theſe columns are always covered with hieroglyphics, and various ſculptures: theſe hieroglyphics, which were the characters of the ſacred, and perhaps alſo of the vulgar language of the ancient Egyptians, abound every where: there is not a part of the Egyptian buildings which is not covered with them; they are even ſeen on the walls which ſometimes encloſe their courts and their temples.

Among the acceſſory ſtructures that accompany the temples, are the moles, which ſometimes ſerve as gates. They are lofty ſquare towers, or rather truncated pyramids, two of which are joined together by their upper parts; and the ſpace that is left in their lower parts ſerves as a paſſage into the temple. Although theſe buildings are ſometimes more than eighty feet in height, they are frequently covered with baſſo-relievos, chiſſeled with the greateſt delicacy. The deſign indeed is not very correct, for the excellence of the Egyptian ſculptors diſplays itſelf principally in the execution.

Some of theſe moles are almoſt entirely

entirely ſolid, and have no other cavity but ſuch as is neceſſary for a ſtair-caſe, which proceeds in a right line from the bottom of one mole to the top of that adjoining to it: their ſummits compoſe a terrace. Others of them contain an innumerable quantity of chambers, which appear to have been deſigned for different acts of religion; ſuch as embalming, ſculpture, &c. In many places there are pictures which repreſent the practice of embalming, which was one of the moſt holy ceremonies among the Egyptians, and was excluſively entruſted to the prieſts. They are repreſented in theſe functions with the head of an animal, either of a wolf, a fox, or a ram; they were probably the marks with which they covered their viſage in order to remain unknown, or to obtain that reſpect which they would not have ſecured without this kind of ornament.

From beneath the porticos which I have already mentioned, there appears a long ſuite of chambers, whoſe doors have the ſame ornament, and range perfectly with each other; but their dimenſions vary. They continue to diminiſh in proportion as they advance to the laſt chamber, which is called the ſanctuary of the temple.

In ſome of theſe monuments the ground riſes gradually from the portico to the ſanctuary. This expedient, which we have not the opportunity of employing in our modern conſtructions, produces a very ſtriking effect in the perſpective, and enlarges, to a great degree, the interior appearance of the temples. As the light enters only from the porticos, the obſcurity, which increaſes from chamber to chamber, greatly heightens that effect, in affording but a very indiſtinct view of the moſt diſtant parts; and as the gates are exactly alike in their form and ornament, the difference of their proportions is attributed to a greater degree of diſtance than actually exiſts. Such is the evident effect, though it may perhaps be allowing the Egyptians more art than they really poſſeſſed, by ſuppoſing that this appearance of their buildings was produced by preconceived deſign.

The chambers have this particular character, that their breadth is greater than their depth. On each ſide there are very narrow corridors, which lead to a multitude of ſmall and very dark chambers; which have, without doubt, ſerved as tombs. On entering them we were aſſailed by thouſands of bats, which ſoon extinguiſhed our lights, and during the ſhort time neceſſary to take a plan, our faces were frequently ſtruck by theſe diſguſting animals.

The horned ſerpents, which were among the objects of Egyptian adoration, are very common in this country: I narrowly eſcaped being bit by one of them in a grotto of Thebes; but that is among the leſſer dangers which preſent themſelves in Egypt.

ACCOUNT OF AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY TOOBOU, KING OF THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS, TO GENERAL DENTRECASTEAUX *.

ON the 1ſt of April, at ſix in the morning, the General ſet off, agreeably to the invitation of king Toobou, who meant to give him an entertainment in the iſland of Tongataboo. We accompanied him, with almoſt all the officers of the expedition, and a detachment well armed.

Some of the natives, who follow-

* From Lavilliere's Voyage in ſearch of La Perouſe.

ed us in their canoes, made us coaſt along ſhore toward the weſt for ſome time, in order to conduct us to a place, where, they informed us, we ſhould find a great number of the natives aſſembled with ſeveral of their chiefs. As ſoon as we landed, Feenou came to meet the General, and accompany him into the midſt of a large aſſembly of the natives, with *Omalai* at their head. This chief invited him to ſit down on his left-hand, after having ordered the natives, to arrange themſelves in a circle round him. We reſted ourſelves a moment on ſome mats ſpread on the ground, under the ſhade of ſeveral trees, ſome of which were the *cerbera manghas* (Indian mango tree) others the *hernandia ovigera* (ovigerous jack-in-the-box tree) the fruit of which is uſed by theſe people as an ornament. Soon after we went to ſee a very lofty ſhed, which ſerved as a ſhelter to a war canoe, eighty feet long, the inſide of which was ſtrengthened by very ſtout knees, placed about a yard diſtant from each other. Feenou, after having made us admire the conſtruction of this double canoe, informed us, that he had taken it in an engagement, which he had fought with the people of the Feejee Iſlands.

As we proceeded toward the weſt, we croſſed a ſpacious encloſure, formed of paliſades, the poſts of which, placed in an oblique direction, were t erably near to each other; within this grew bread-fruit trees, plantain trees, the *corypha umbraculifera* (great fan-palm) &c. Further on, in an encloſure of much leſs extent, we found a ſmall hut, of a conical figure, in which, we were informed, were depoſited the remains of a chief lately dead; and a caution was given us, that entering into it was prohibited.

After this we walked on near a quarter of an hour in a narrow path, bounded on each ſide by paliſades, till we reached an extenſive eſplanade, where king Toobou was ſoon to arrive.

We were invited by Omalai, to take the cool air under a ſhed, the ſhape of which was nearly half an oval, twelve yards in length, by five in breadth. The roof, covered with the leaves of the *vacoua*, which rendered it impenetrable to the heavieſt ſhower, had an elevation of about five yards and a half, and deſcended within three quarters of a yard of the ground, on which ſome fine mats were ſpread. The floor was raiſed ſix or eight inches higher than the ſurrounding earth, which ſecured it from all danger of being overflowed; and the roof was ſupported by ten pillars.

At length Toobou arrived with two of his daughters, who had poured on their hair an abundance of cocoa-nut oil, and wore each a neck lace, made with the pretty ſeeds of the *abrus precatorius*.

The natives formed a great concourſe on all ſides. According to our eſtimation, at leaſt four thouſand of them were preſent.

The place of honour, no doubt, was on the king's left hand, for it was there he invited the General to ſit, who immediately ordered the preſents, which he intended for Toobou, to be brought forward. The king expreſſed much thankfulneſs for them; but, of all that was offered him, nothing ſo much excited the admiration of this numerous aſſembly, as a piece of crimſon damaſk, the lively colour of which produced from all ſides an exclamation of cho! cho! which they continued repeating a long time, with an appearance of the greateſt ſurpriſe. They uttered the ſame exclamation, when we unrolled a few pieces of ribbon, in which red was the predominant colour. The General then preſented a ſhe-goat with kid, a he-goat, and a couple of rabbits, one a buck, the other a doe, of which the king promiſed

miſed to take the greateſt care, and to let them breed and multiply in the iſland.

Omalai, who, Toobou told us, was his ſon, alſo received ſome preſents from the General, as did ſeveral other chiefs.

On our right, toward the north-eaſt, were thirteen muſicians, ſeated under the ſhade of a bread-fruit tree, which was loaded with a prodigious quantity of fruit. They ſung together in different parts. Four of them held in their hands a bamboo of a yard, or a yard and a half long, with which they beat time on the ground; the longeſt of theſe bamboos ſometimes ſerving to mark the meaſure. The ſounds theſe inſtruments gave approached tolerably near thoſe of the tambourin, and the following were their proportions to each other. Two bamboos of the middle length were in uniſon, the longeſt was a note and a half below them, and the ſhorteſt was two notes and a half above. The muſician, that ſung the counter-tenor, made his voice be heard much above the reſt, though it was a little hoarſe; and at the ſame time he accompanied it by beating with two little ſticks of caſſuarina on a bamboo ſix yards long, cleft throughout its whole length. Three muſicians placed before the others expreſſed the ſubject of their ſong by action alſo, which no doubt they had thoroughly ſtudied, for their geſtures were performed all together, and in the ſame manner. Every now and then they turned toward the king, making not ungraceful motions with their arms: ſometimes they bowed their heads quickly, till the chin touched the breaſt, and ſhook them ſeveral times, &c.

In the mean time Toobou preſented the General with ſome pieces of ſtuff fabricated with the bark of the paper mulberry tree, cauſing them to be ſpread abroad with a great deal of oſtentation, that we might be ſenſible of all the value of the gift.

One of his miniſters, who ſat on his right hand, ordered *kava* to be prepared, and preſently a wooden bowl, of an oval ſhape, and a yard long, was brought in full of this liquor.

The muſicians, no doubt, had reſerved their choiceſt pieces for this inſtant; as now, at every pauſe they made, the cry of *máli, máli*, reſounded from every quarter, and the reiterated applauſes of the natives informed us, that this muſic made a very ſtrong and pleaſing impreſſion upon them.

The *kava* was then diſtributed to the different chiefs, by him who had given orders for its preparation. He ſent it to them in cups, which were made on the ſpot with the leaves of the plantain, and every time he offered a cup, he pronounced, in a pretty loud voice, the name of him for whom it was intended. Feenou he ſerved firſt, ſaying *mayé nua Feenou*; and he did the ſame to the other chiefs, all whoſe names we could eaſily pronounce. Some of theſe, perhaps, the reader will not be diſpleaſed to hear: they were *Nuſatoa, Feſé Mafi Famouna, Fatcumina*, &c.

We may preſume, it was neceſſary that ſome of the chiefs ſhould judge of the goodneſs of the liquor, before the king drank, for it was not offered to him till it came to the fourth cup. None was ſent to his daughters; and indeed it always appeared to us, that this liquor was reſerved entirely for the men.

Notwithſtanding the preſence of the General, the king very ſoon fell aſleep, and ſnored aloud, with his legs croſſed, and his head bowed down almoſt to his knees. When he awoke, we ſhowed him a drawing of a cow, and aſked if that given to king Poulaho by Captain Cook had bred. He knew the animal perfectly well, which he called *boaka toeta*,

and

and told us, there were none now at Tongataboo, but there were at Hapaee. Several of the natives, however, aſſured us, imitating at the ſame time tolerably well their lowing, that there were ſome at Tongataboo, though others denied it. Thus we were unable to learn what had become of the bull and cow which Capt. Cook had left on the iſland, and it was the ſame with regard to the horſe and mare which he had given to Feenou. Perhaps they were afraid that we ſhould require ſome of theſe animals from them.

Quitting the aſſembly, we walked toward the eaſt, aſcending a gentle ſlope. At firſt we paſſed along paths bordered with palliſadoes; but we ſoon reached the end of theſe, and came to fields of yams fully cropped. Farther on, the ground, recently turned up, exhibited every appearance of fertility.

We ſoon reached a delightful ſpot on the top of a little hill, where the natives had formed a ſort of rotunda, about four yards wide, with palliſades, and ſome ſhrubs cut with art. Under this rotunda we ſtill ſaw the remains of *kava* roots, that had been chewed; and round it were twenty-four ſmall huts, conſtructed in a circle of fifteen or ſixteen yards diameter. Theſe huts were all covered with cocoa leaves, interlaced together; their ſhape was nearly that of half an oval, three yards long by two broad; and they were divided at the top, throughout their whole length, by a very narrow ſlit, which was the only opening in them, though there was no entering without ſeparating its edges. We were informed by ſome of the natives, who had followed us that the king frequently came to this place, to drink *kava*, with ſeveral of the chiefs of the iſland, and that then each went to take a nap in theſe ſort of huts.

We obſerved in the hands of one lady, who appeared to be of ſome conſideration, a ſort of mat, about two feet ſquare, and of a white colour, made of the hair of a horſe's tail. Poſſibly they were obtained from thoſe which Cook left on the iſland; but ſhe would not ſatisfy our curioſity on this head.

The king had ordered his ſubjects to bring the preſents which he intended for the General: and ever ſince half after ten we had ſeen many arrive at intervals, each of them carrying on his ſhoulder a bamboo two yards long, at the ends of which hung ſmall fiſhes of the *ſcarus* and *chætodon* genera, moſt of them ready dreſſed, and wrapped in cocoa-leaves; others brought bread-fruit, yams, &c. and preſently, by laying their bamboos acroſs each other, they raiſed two portions of triangular pyramids, one of them two yards high, the other one yard only. The raw fiſh already began to ſtink very much.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, Toobou went away, without ſaying a word to any perſon. We then left the aſſembly, and were accompanied to the place where we landed by Feenou and Omalai, who ordered a whole hog juſt dreſſed, ſome fiſh, yams, and bread-fruit, to be brought us, and invited us to ſit down to our repaſt; but their hog not being half ready, for ſuch is their uſual mode of cookery, we preferred going on board to dinner.

They then requeſted us to accept theſe different articles of proviſion, which they ordered to be carried into our long-boat, while others of the natives, in obedience to the orders of Toobou, were filling it with the eatables taken from the pyramids, that had been erected for our commander. In a very little time, every thing was ready for our departure.

Our boats having been obliged to puſh off from the ſhore, on account of the low water, we could not reach them but by croſſing a coral bank covered with water for more than three hundred

hundred paces; but we found the natives extremely civil; for, that we might not be wetted, they carried us to ſome rocks juſt above water, to which others came with their canoes to fetch us, and conveyed us to our boats.

The men who carried us appeared well ſatisfied with the articles we gave them for their trouble; but in this ſhort paſſage others contrived to gain ſtill more, by robbing us at their eaſe, after having crept ſlily behind us, while their countrymen had us on their backs. All theſe pick-pockets, however, did not meet with equal ſucceſs, for we gave chace to ſome, whom we forced to reſtore what they had taken.

As ſoon as we got on board, the commanding officer informed us that, during our abſence, he had cauſed a native to be ſeized, at the moment when he was going off with ſeveral articles of hardware, which he had ſtolen between decks; and that Futtafaihe, reprobating the habit of pilfering, of which the natives were every day guilty toward us, had affected to ſay publicly, that the culprit ſhould be puniſhed with death. But this, they ſoon perceived, was all artifice on the part of the chief; for, as ſoon as they began to inflict the puniſhment of the rope's end on the pilferer, he interceded for his pardon, which, however, was not granted; and Futtafaihe ſeemed to be greatly affected at his receiving the five-and-twenty ſtripes, which he had been condemned to ſuffer, inſtead of death.

ANTICIPATION OF THE POSTHUMOUS CHARACTER OF SIR RICHARD STEELE*.

By Dr Rundle.

ON the — day of — in the year — died Sir R. S——, (in decency we muſt ſuppoſe him dead when we ſum up his actions.) It is pity there is no perſon of abilities left, to give *his* character to the world, who drew ſo many, ſo finely! In a well-written life of him might be ſeen an epitome of mankind; and the motto of his firſt Tatlers, was as true of his example as of his writings†. Surely, ſo many follies, and ſo much worth, were never blended together in any ſingle perſon before. The laſt he reſolved ſhould be the guide of his behaviour, though he always followed the former.

He was a coquette to virtue; made continual advances, and ſeemed juſt yielding himſelf up to the comely dame who courted him, as ſhe once did Hercules; when, on a ſudden, he would flounce off, flirt back, and ſink into the arms of pleaſure. His ſoul, in his calm morning hours, was truly great; and ſome deſign for public good, the improvement of knowledge, and the ſecurity of liberty (which he always eſteemed the *manlood of the mind)* was formed in his thoughts, and was the delight of his meditations: and it muſt be owned that England is ungrateful, if ſhe doth not confeſs, that the preſent happineſs ſhe enjoys was more guarded to her by him, than by any thouſand other private men ſhe can boaſt of. He had undaunted courage to oppoſe all mankind, for the ſake of what was right; but ſtill, his inborn imprudences generally rendered that courage feebly uſeful to the world; and his

* This curious article was written during Sir Richard's life, by Dr Rundle, afterwards Biſhop of Derry, and is now firſt made public by the Rev. Weedon Butler.

† Quicquid agunt homines noſtri eſt farrago libelli. Juv.

his inability to withſtand ſome even-ing's merriment ruined half his at-tempts.

But, notwithſtanding the ridicule of ſuch an alloy in his patriot-ambi-tion, he went on, like others, through good and ill report; and ſuffered himſelf to be laughed at and railed at, with all the indolence and inſen-ſibility of a ſtoic.

No bribes of riches or greatneſs could have tempted him to do a baſe action; though the neceſſities into which his careleſſneſs in the manage-ment of his fortune, and a thought-leſs generoſity, had thrown him, of-ten compelled him to ſubmit to baſe-neſſes, almoſt as low as thoſe, by which others raiſe eſtates, and be-come glorious in villainy. Yet, while he did it, he ſcorned and hat-ed himſelf; and reſolved to be rich, that he might be honeſt. But ſtill, the want of money returned, and with it all the mean ſhifts to extri-cate himſelf from the fatigue of ly-ing to his creditors.

Thus he went on, in a continual round of ſelf-diſlike, and doing ac-tions which produced new ſelf-diſlike: but he had this to ſay for his worſt conduct, that his vices were always rencounters, and never meditated wickedneſs.

He was a pleaſant companion, a generous enemy, and a zealous friend. His company was courted by every body, as more entertaining than a comedy: he never refuſed to forgive, and then forget, the injuries that had been done him by thoſe, who deſired they ſhould be forgiven: and all his fortune was at the com-mand of his friends, as well as his labour and reputation. He ſeemed to want gold only to give it away: his buſy mind purſued project after project, in hopes to be rich; that by it he might be more eminently ſer-viceable to his friends, and his coun-try. He embraced every appear-ance that flattered this public-ſpirit-ed avarice, though the propoſal were ever ſo wanton and improbable. In hopes of getting immenſe wealth, he ran after every whim, and ſo firſt aimed at the Philoſopher's ſtone; and when that would not do, he could condeſcend to be thought the author of the humble diſcovery of a new-faſhioned hoop-petticoat: but ſtill it was with the ſacred view of ſerving his country by his riches.

This briſkneſs and quick ſighted-neſs, to find out mines of treaſure in a *notion*, made him enquire out great numbers of men of abilities, who were obſcured by poverty; and ani-mated them to exert their inventive talents, by high promiſes. When any of them had contrived a hand-ſome ſcheme, he would, in the hurry of his approbation, expend his whole caſh to promote it; and at laſt, when the project was almoſt ready to re-pay with intereſt his trouble and charges, the hopes would be blaſted for want of another ten pounds to complete the undertaking. Thus he rid hard, continually courſing after treaſure; and, when his dog bore at the game, by a nimble unexpected turn, it always eſcaped from his mouth, and he returned empty: how-ever, he comforted himſelf that he had brave ſport, and went out again the next day, freſh and eager to the field. Thus, conſtantly, with high hopes and ſelf-complacency, he re-newed his project, as warm in ex-pectation of ſucceſs, as if he had met with no diſappointment. He was often within a day of being the rich-eſt, and therefore the honeſteſt man in England: but, before that ill na-tured to-morrow came, he died! much lamented by all who value wit and good ſenſe; and he muſt be own-ed to be, if not virtuous, yet a lover of virtue.

His writings will make him belov-ed by all, in ages to come, when his follies are forgot, or ſoftened by time. To him we owe not only his

own

own performances, but thoſe of others likewiſe; and he was properly the man-midwife to all the children of the muſes, born in his own time, and was ſuſpected very often to be their father alſo.

He would have been what he was, had Addiſon never been born: but Addiſon would have died with narrow fame, had he never had a friendſhip with Sir Richard, whoſe compoſitions have done eminent ſervice to mankind. To him we owe, that ſwearing is unfaſhionable, and that a regard to religion is become a part of good breeding.

He had learning; but it was ſeldom transfuſed into his performances. He ſtudied nature more than books: and as Numa conſulted with Egeria, and learned his laws from that divine nymph, Sir Richard was in love with a more real goddeſs; and was taught by her, in reality, all his precepts. He had an art to make people hate their follies, without hating themſelves for having them; and he ſhewed gentlemen a way of becoming virtuous with a good grace.

A bold, free ſpirit, a lively humour, a quickneſs of thought, and the moſt delicate touches of the paſſions, inſpire pleaſure into all that read and underſtand his writings. He had not leiſure and coolneſs enough to bear the fatigue of being correct: his obſervations on mankind crowded ſo faſt upon him, that, for want of patience to write them down in a due, ſtudied, natural order, he ſometimes became obſcure. His ſatire was ſevere and pointed; but, I think, he never once exerted that talent againſt his private, but always againſt his country's enemies; and therefore ſhewed good-nature, even in his ſharpeſt and bittereſt invectives.

He had no genius for rhime: and he knew that he had not, and therefore but ſeldom attempted it. Thoſe who love Steele, will only admire Addiſon: he will never have many applauders; but thoſe who can reliſh him, will never think any writings equal to thoſe he has left us.

How good his political judgment was, may be learnt from his letters to Sir Miles Wharton, and to the bailiff of Stockbridge: how generous his ſentiments of religion, may be ſeen in his epiſtle to the Pope. The juſtneſs of his wit, and his exact knowledge of true character, every body confeſſed by their approbation of his Plays and Tatlers.

Let thy faults, O Sir Richard, be buried in thy grave, and thy virtues be imitated by all! Let thy writings be beloved; for whoever doth that ſincerely, will, before he thinks of it, become a lover, if not a practiſer, of virtue; and the world may owe to thee the removal of fopperies, that are to be born again in centuries to come. Thy works will be a medicine of the mind, and cure all the green ſickneſſed appetites that will ſeize on the gay and the young, without ſo friendly a cordial. If all who have been, or ſhall be, benefited by thy advice, will own themſelves thy admirers, never could author boaſt a more univerſal or better founded applauſe: and Socrates himſelf ſhall have fewer diſciples than Steele.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS, FROM BURNS'S EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

ON rummaging over, ſays Burns to his correſpondent, ſome old papers, I lighted on a MS. of my early years, in which I had determined to write myſelf out; as I was placed by fortune, among a claſs of men

men to whom my ideas would have been nonesense, I had meant that the book should have lain by me, in the fond hope, that some time or other, even after I was no more, my thoughts would fall into the hands of somebody capable of appreciating their value. It sets off thus:

'Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry,' &c. by Robert Burns, a man who had little art in making money, and still less in keeping it; but was, however, a man of some sense, a great deal of honesty, and unbounded good will to every creature, rational and irrational. As he was but little indebted to scholastic education, and bred at a plough-tail, his performances must be strongly tinctured with his unpolished, rustic way of life; but as I believe they are really his *own*, it may be some entertainment to a curious observer of human nature to see how a ploughman thinks and feels, under the pressure of love, anxiety, ambition, grief, with the like cares and passions, which, however diversified by the *modes* and *manners* of life, operate pretty much alike, I believe, on all the species.

THERE is certainly some connexion between love, and music, and poetry; and therefore, I have always thought a fine touch of nature, that passage in a modern love composition:

'As toward her cot he jogg'd alone,
Her name was frequent in his song.'

For my own part, I never had the least thought, or inclination of turning poet 'till I got once heartily in love: and then rhyme and song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart.

I HAVE often observed in the course of my experience of human life, that every man, even the worst, has something good about him; tho' very often nothing else than a happy temperament of constitution inclining him to this or that virtue. For this reason no man can say in what degree any other person, beside himself, can be, with strict justice, called *wicked*. Let any of the strictest character for regularity of conduct among us, examine impartially how many vices he has never been guilty of, not from any care or vigilance, but for want of opportunity, or some accidental circumstance intervening; how many of the weaknesses of mankind he has escaped, because he was out of the line of such temptation: and what often, if not always, weighs more than all the rest; how much he is indebted to the world's good opinion, because the world does not know all; I say any man who can thus think, will scan the failings, nay, the faults and crimes, of mankind around him, with a brother's eye.

I have often courted the acquaintance of that part of mankind, commonly known by the ordinary phrase of *blackguards;* sometimes further than was consistent with the safety of my character: those who by thoughtless prodigality, or headstrong passions, have been driven to ruin. Though disgraced by follies, nay, sometimes 'stained with guilt,' * * * * *, I have yet found among them, in not a few instances, some of the noblest virtues, magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty.

I THINK the whole species of young men may be naturally enough divided into two grand classes which I shall call the *grave* and the *merry;* though, by the bye, these terms do not with propriety enough express my ideas. The grave I shall cast into the usual division of those who are goaded on by the love of money, and those whose darling wish is to make a figure in the world. The merry, are the men of pleasure of all denominations; the jovial lads who have too much fire and spirit, to have any settled rule of action; but without much

much deliberation, follow the ſtrong impulſes of nature; the thoughtleſs, the careleſs, the indolent, in particular *he*, who with a happy ſweetneſs of natural temper, and a chearful vacancy of thought, ſteals through life, generally indeed in poverty and obſcurity; but poverty and obſcurity are only evils to him who can ſit gravely down, and make a repining compariſon between his own ſituation and that of others; and laſtly, to grace the *quorum*, ſuch are, generally, thoſe whoſe heads are capable of all the towerings of genius, and whoſe hearts are warmed with all the delicacy of feeling.

As the grand end of human life, is to cultivate an intercourſe with that *Being* to whom we owe life, with every enjoyment that can render life delightful: and to maintain an integritive conduct toward our fellow-creatures; that ſo by forming piety and virtue into habit, we may be fit members for that ſociety of the pious and good, which reaſon and revelation teach us to expect beyond the grave: I do not ſee that the turn of mind, and purſuits of any ſon of poverty and obſcurity, are in the leaſt more inimical to the ſacred intereſts of piety and virtue, than the, even lawful, buſtling and ſtraining after the world's riches and honours: and I do not ſee but that he may gain heaven as well (which by the bye is no mean conſideration) who ſteals through the vale of life, amuſing himſelf with every little flower that fortune throws in his way; as he who ſtraining ſtraight forward, and perhaps beſpattering all about him, gains ſome of life's little eminences, where, after all, he can only ſee, and be ſeen a little more conſpicuouſly, than what, in the pride of his heart, he is apt to term, the poor, indolent devil he has left behind him.

As I am what the men of the world, if they knew ſuch a man, would call a whimſical mortal; I have various ſources of pleaſure and enjoyment, which are, in a manner, *peculiar* to myſelf; or ſome here and there, ſuch other out-of-the-way perſon. Such is the peculiar pleaſure I take in the ſeaſon of winter, more than the reſt of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy caſt; but there is ſomething even in the

'Mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,'

which raiſes the mind to a ſerious ſublimity, favourable to every thing great and noble. There is ſcarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I ſhould call it pleaſure—but ſomething which exalts me, ſomething which enraptures me—than to walk in the ſheltered ſide of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the ſtormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain. It is my beſt ſeaſon for devotion: my mind is wrapt up in a kind of enthuſiaſm to *Him*, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.

Shenstone finely obſerves, that love-verſes, writ without any real paſſion, are the moſt nauſeous of all conceits: and I have often thought that no man can be a proper critic of love-compoſition, except he himſelf, in one or more inſtances, have been a warm votary of this paſſion. As I have been all along a miſerable dupe to love, and have been led into a thouſand weakneſſes and follies by it, for that reaſon I put the more confidence in my critical ſkill, in diſtinguiſhing foppery and conceit from real paſſion and nature.

THE late Right Hon. Richard Howe, Earl and Viſcount Howe, of Langar in Nottinghamſhire, Viſcount Howe and Baron Clenawley, in Ireland, and a baronet, was the ſecond ſon of Emanuel Scrope, the ſecond Lord Viſcount Howe, Baron of Clenawley, who was appointed governor of Barbadoes, in May 1732; and Maria-Sophia-Charlotte, eldeſt daughter of the Baron Kilmanſeck, maſter of the horſe to George I. as Elector of Hanover, and was born in 1725.

He ſucceeded his brother, George Auguſtus Viſcount Howe, July 5, 1758, and married the ſame year, Mary, daughter of Chiverton Hartopp, Eſq. of Welby, in Leiceſterſhire, by whom he had three daughters, lady Sophia-Charlotte, lady Mary-Indiana, and lady Louiſa-Catherine. Dying without iſſue-male, his Iriſh honours, which are Lord Howe, Baron of Clenawley, deſcend to his brother General Sir William Howe, and alſo the Engliſh baronetcy. The Engliſh earldom and viſcounty are extinct: and the Engliſh barony deſcends to his daughters and their heirs male. More particulars of his lordſhip's family and deſcent may be ſeen in any book of peerage. We ſhall now proceed to detail that career of glory which has ranked him ſo high among Engliſh heroes.

His lordſhip was only two years of age, when he loſt his father. He was, during ſome time, at Eton college, which he left at fourteen, to enter on board the Severn, of fifty guns, commanded by the Hon. Captain Legge, and which formed part of the ſquadron deſtined for the South Seas, under the command of Commodore Anſon. On its arrival off Terra d'el Fuego, it ſuffered the greateſt diſtreſs from a very long and violent tempeſt; in which the Severn, after being reduced to the utmoſt diſtreſs, was finally ſeparated from it, and having refitted at Rio Janeiro, returned to Europe. Mr Howe next ſerved on board the Burford, which was one of the ſquadron detached, in 1743, from admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle's fleet, under the command of Commodore Knowles, to attempt the town of La Guira, on the coaſt of Caraccas. The Burford ſuffered very much in this enterprize; and Captain Luſhington, who commanded her, having loſt his thigh by a chain ſhot, died ſoon after. Mr Howe was now appointed acting lieutenant by the Commodore, and in a ſhort time returned to England with his ſhip; but, his commiſſion not being confirmed by the admiralty, he returned to his patron in the Weſt Indies, where he was made lieutenant of a ſloop of war; and being employed to cut an Engliſh merchantman, which had been taken by a French privateer under the guns of the Dutch ſettlement of St Euſtatia, and with the connivance of the governor, out of that harbour, he executed the difficult and dangerous enterprize in ſuch a manner as to produce the moſt ſanguine expectations of his future ſervices.

In 1745, lieutenant Howe was with admiral Vernon, in the Downs, but was in a ſhort time raiſed to the rank of commander, in the Baltimore ſloop of war, which joined the ſquadron then cruizing on the coaſt of Scotland, under the command of admiral Smith. During this cruiſe an action took place, in which Captain Howe gave a fine example of perſevering intrepidity. The Baltimore, in company with another armed veſſel, fell in with two French frigates of thirty guns, with troops and ammunition for the ſervice of the Pretender, which ſhe inſtantly attacked by running between them. In the action which followed, Captain Howe received

received a wound in his head, which at firſt appeared to be fatal. He, however, ſoon diſcovered ſigns of life, and, when the neceſſary operation was performed, reſumed all his former activity, continued the action, if poſſible, with redoubled ſpirit, and obliged the French ſhips, with their prodigious ſuperiority in men and metal, to ſheer off, leaving the Baltimore, at the ſame time, in ſuch a ſhattered condition, as to be wholly diſqualified to purſue them. He was, in conſequence of this gallant ſervice, immediately made poſt-captain, and on the 10th of April 1746, was appointed to the Triton frigate, and ordered to Liſbon, where, in conſequence of captain Holbourne's bad ſtate of health, he was transferred to the Ripon, deſtined for the coaſt of Guinea. But he ſoon quitted that ſtation to join his early patron, Admiral Knowles, in Jamaica, who appointed him firſt captain of his ſhip of eighty guns; and at the concluſion of the war in 1748, he returned in her to England. In March 1750-51, captain Howe was appointed to the command of the Guinea ſtation, in La Glorie, of forty-four guns, when, with his uſual ſpirit and activity, he checked the injurious proceedings of the Dutch governor-general on the coaſt, and adjuſted the difference between the Engliſh and Dutch ſettlements.

At the cloſe of the year 1751, he was appointed to the Mary yacht, which was ſoon exchanged for the Dolphin frigate, in which he ſailed to the Streights, where he executed many difficult and important ſervices. Here he remained about three years; and ſoon after, on his return to England, he obtained the command of the Dunkirk, of ſixty guns, which was among the ſhips that were commiſſioned from an apprehenſion of a rupture with France. This ſhip was one of the fleet, with which Admiral Boſcawen ſailed to obſtruct the paſſage of the French fleet into the gulph of St Lawrence, when captain Howe took the Alcide, a French ſhip of ſixty-four guns, off the coaſt of Newfoundland. A powerful fleet being prepared in 1757, under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, to make an attack upon the French coaſt, captain Howe was appointed to the Magnanime, in which ſhip he battered the fort on the iſland of Aix till it ſurrendered. In 1758, he was appointed commodore of a ſmall ſquadron, which ſailed to annoy the enemy on their coaſts. This he effected with his uſual ſucceſs at St Malo, where a hundred ſail of ſhips and ſeveral magazines were deſtroyed; and the heavy gale blowing into ſhore, which rendered it impracticable for the troops to land, alone prevented the executing a ſimilar miſchief in the town and harbour of Cherbourg. On the 1ſt of July, he returned to St Helens.

This expedition was ſoon followed by another, when prince Edward, afterward duke of York, was entruſted to the care of commodore Howe, on board his ſhip the Eſſex. The fleet ſailed on the 1ſt of Auguſt 1758, and on the 6th, came to an anchor in the bay of Cherbourg; the town was taken, and the baſin deſtroyed. The commodore, with his royal midſhipman on board, next ſailed to St Malo, and, as his inſtructions were to keep the coaſt of France in continual alarm, he very effectually obeyed them. The unſucceſsful affair of St Cas followed: but never was courage, ſkill, or humanity, more powerfully or ſucceſsfully diſplayed than on this occaſion. He went in perſon in his barge, which was rowed through the thickeſt fire, to ſave the retreating ſoldiers; the reſt of the fleet, inſpired by his conduct, followed his example, and at leaſt 700 men were preſerved, by his exertions, from the fire of the enemy or the fury of the waves. In July of the ſame year, his

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elder brother, who was ſerving his country with equal ardour and heroiſm in America, found an early grave. That brave and admirable officer was killed in a ſkirmiſh between the advanced guard of the French and the troops commanded by General Abercrombie, in the expedition againſt Ticonderago. Commodore Howe now ſucceeded to the titles and property of his family.

In the following year 1759, lord Howe was employed in the channel, on board his old ſhip the Magnanime; but no opportunity offered to diſtinguiſh himſelf till the month of November, when the French fleet, under Conflans, was defeated. When he was preſented to the king, by Sir Edward Hawke, on this occaſion, his Majeſty ſaid, "Your life, my lord, has been one continued ſeries of ſervices to your country." In March 1760, he was appointed colonel of the Chatham diviſion of marines; and in September following, he was ordered, by Sir Edward Hawke, to reduce the French fort on the Iſle of Dumel, in order to ſave the expence of the tranſports employed to carry water for the uſe of the fleet. Lord Howe continued to ſerve as occaſion required, in the channel; and in the ſummer of 1762, he removed to the princeſs Amelia, of eighty guns, having accepted the command as captain to his royal highneſs the Duke of York, then rear-admiral of the blue, ſerving as ſecond in command under Sir Edward Hawke, in the channel.

On the 23d of Auguſt 1763, his lordſhip was appointed to the board of admiralty, where he remained till Auguſt 1765. He was then made treaſurer of the navy; and, in October 1770, was promoted to be rear-admiral of the blue, and commander in chief in the Mediterranean. In March 1775, he was appointed rear-admiral of the white, and was ſoon after choſen to repreſent the borough of Dartmouth in parliament. In the month of December in the ſame year, he was made vice-admiral of the blue. It was on one of theſe promotions that Lord Hawke, then firſt lord of the admiralty, roſe in the Houſe of Peers, and ſaid, "I adviſed his Majeſty to make the promotion. I have tried my Lord Howe on important occaſions; he never aſked me how he was to execute any ſervice, but always went and performed it."

We are now to conſider Lord Howe as commander in chief on the American ſtation, a very critical part of his life, and which, at the time, was ſubject to the cenſure and praiſe of contending parties; but, leaving ſuch diſcuſſions to hiſtorical examination, we ſhall proceed briefly to obſerve, as it appears to us, that every enterpriſe in which his ſquadron was concerned was uniformly ſucceſsful; and he never failed in obtaining thoſe objects, that were within the reach of the naval force which he commanded. In 1778, France having become a party in the war, the French admiral, D'Eſtaing, appeared on the 11th of July, in ſight of the Britiſh fleet, at Sandy Hook, with a conſiderable force of line of battle ſhips, in complete equipment and condition. Moſt of the ſhips under Lord Howe had been long in ſervice, were not well manned, and were not line of battle ſhips of the preſent day. The French admiral, however, remained ſeven days without making an attack, and by that time Lord Howe had diſpoſed his inferior force in ſuch a manner as to bid him defiance. On D'Eſtaing's leaving the Hook, Lord Howe heard of the critical ſituation of Rhode Iſland, and made every poſſible exertion to preſerve it. He afterward acted chiefly on the defenſive. Such a conduct appears to have been required from the ſtate of his fleet, and the particular ſituation of the Britiſh cauſe in America. He, however, contrived

contrived to baffle all the deſigns of the French admiral; and may be ſaid, conſidering the diſadvantages with which he was ſurrounded, to have conducted and cloſed the campaign with honour. Lord Howe now reſigned the command to admiral Byron; and on his return to England in October, immediately ſtruck his flag. In the courſe of this year he had been advanced to be vice-admiral of the white, and, ſhortly after, to the ſame rank in the red ſquadron.

On the change of adminiſtration in 1782, Lord Howe was raiſed to the dignity of a viſcount of Great Britain, having been previouſly advanced to the rank of admiral of the blue. He was then appointed to command the fleet fitted out for the relief of Gibraltar, and he fulfilled the important object of the expedition. That fortreſs was effectually relieved, the hoſtile fleet baffled, and dared in vain to battle; and different ſquadrons detached to their important deſtinations, while the ardent hopes of his country's foes were diſappointed. Peace was concluded ſhortly after Lord Howe's return from performing this important ſervice, and in January 1783, he was nominated firſt lord of the admiralty. That office in the ſucceeding April, he reſigned to Lord Keppel: but was reappointed on the 30th of December in the ſame year, when the preſent adminiſtration came into place. On the 24th of September 1787, he was advanced to the rank of admiral of the white; and in July 1788, he finally quitted his ſtation at the admiralty. On the 19th of Auguſt following, he was created an Earl of Great Britain.

On the commencement of the preſent war, in 1793, Earl Howe accepted the command of the weſtern ſquadron, at the particular and perſonal requeſt of his majeſty, and juſtified the choice which his ſovereign had made at ſuch a perilous and important moment. The glorious victory of the 1ſt of June (1794) ſoon followed: the enemy's fleet, which was one of the moſt powerful that the French had ever equipped for ſea, was totally vanquiſhed, and ſeven ſhips of the line were in poſſeſſion of the conqueror. He now returned to receive all the honours, which a grateful country could beſtow. On the 26th of the ſame month, their majeſties, with three of the princeſſes, arrived at Portſmouth, and proceeded the next morning in barges to viſit Lord Howe's ſhip, the queen Charlotte, at Spithead. His majeſty held a naval levee on board, and preſented the victorious admiral with a ſword, enriched with diamonds, and a gold chain, with the naval medal ſuſpended from it. The thanks of both Houſes of Parliament, the freedom of the city of London, and the univerſal acclamations of the nation, followed the acknowledgment of the ſovereign. In the courſe of the following year, he was appointed general of marines, on the death of admiral Forbes, and finally reſigned the command of the weſtern ſquadron in April 1797. On the 2d of June in the ſame year, he was inveſted with the inſignia of the garter.

The laſt public act of a life employed againſt the foreign enemies of his country, was exerted to compoſe its internal diſturbances. It was the lot of Earl Howe to contribute to the reſtoration of the fleet, which he had conducted to glory on the ſea, to loyalty in the harbour. His experience ſuggeſted the meaſures to be purſued by government on the alarming mutinies, which in 1797, diſtreſſed and terrified the nation; while his perſonal exertions powerfully promoted the diſperſion of that ſpirit, which had, for a time, changed the very nature of Britiſh ſeamen, and greatly helped to recall them to their former career of duty and obedience.

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This venerable character departed this life, full of years and of honours, on the 5th day of Auguſt 1799, at his houſe in Grafton-ſtreet, Piccadilly, and was interred on the 16th, in the family vault at Langar, in Nottinghamſhire. Parliament has ordered a monument to be erected to his memory in St Paul's Cathedral.

ACCOUNT OF JOHN BACON, ESQ. THE SCULPTOR.

THIS gentleman was born in Southwark, on the 24th of November 1740. His father was a clothworker in that borough. Providence ſeems to have ſpecially favoured his infancy; for, when he was about five years of age, he fell into the pit of a ſoap-boiler, and muſt have periſhed, if a man who then entered the yard, had not diſcovered the top of his head and immediately drawn him out. About the ſame time, he fell before a cart, the wheel of which went over his right hand, and muſt have cruſhed it, had it not fallen between two projecting ſtones.

When very young, Mr Bacon diſcovered an inclination for drawing; but never made any great proficiency in that art. In the year 1755, and at the age of fourteen, he was bound an apprentice to Mr Criſpe, of Bow-church-yard, where he was employed in painting on porcelain. Mr Criſpe had a manufacture of china at Lambeth, where Mr Bacon occaſionally went and aſſiſted. His then occupation, indeed, was but a feeble ſtep toward his future acquirements, as he was chiefly employed in forming ſhepherds, ſhepherdeſſes, and ſuch like ſmall ornamental pieces; yet, for a ſelf-taught artiſt to perform even works like theſe with taſte, and, in leſs than two years, form (as he did) all the models for the manufactory, was to give indications of no ordinary powers. But as goodneſs of heart excels greatneſs of parts, we ought not to omit recording here a proof of his filial affection: At this early period he, in a great meaſure, ſupported his parents from the produce of his labours, even to the abridging himſelf of the neceſſaries of life.

His capacity for greater exertions in the arts, diſcovered itſelf on the following occaſion:—In attending the manufactory at Lambeth, he had an opportunity of obſerving the models of different ſculptors which were ſent to a pottery, on the ſame premiſes, to be burnt. Small circumſtances often give riſe to important events. From the ſight of theſe models, Mr Bacon was firſt inſpired with an inclination toward his art. He applied himſelf to it with the moſt unremitting diligence; his progreſs was as rapid as his turn for it was ſudden and unpremeditated; this will appear from the books publiſhed annually by the ſociety for the encouragement of arts, where it may be found, that, between the years 1763 and 1766, inclusive, the firſt premiums in thoſe claſſes for which he contended were no leſs than nine times adjudged to him. The firſt of theſe attempts was made in 1758, on a ſmall figure of Peace, after the manner of the antique. It was during Mr Bacon's apprenticeſhip that he formed a deſign of making ſtatues in artificial ſtone, which he afterward perfected. The manufactory now carried on at Lambeth, by Mrs Coade, originated with him.

About the year 1763, Mr Bacon firſt attempted working on marble. As he had never ſeen this performed, he was led to invent an inſtrument for transferring the form of the model to the marble, technically called, *getting out the points*, which inſtrument has ſince been uſed by many other ſculptors in England and France. At this time, Mr Bacon lived in the city, where his family-connexions were; but, in the year 1768, he removed

moved to the weſt end of the town; and it was then (being about twenty-eight years of age) in attending the Royal Academy, inſtituted that year, that he received his firſt inſtructions in his art, having never before ſeen the art of modelling or ſculpture regularly performed.

In the following year the gold medal for ſculpture, (the firſt ever given by that body) was decreed to Mr Bacon, (who became an aſſociate in 1770, and, an academician in 1778) and, about two or three years after, his reputation was publicly eſtabliſhed by the exhibition of his ſtatue of Mars, which recommended him to the notice of the preſent Archbiſhop of York, who, having deſigned to place a buſt of his preſent Majeſty in the hall of Chriſt-church college, Oxford, preſented Mr Bacon to his Majeſty, who was pleaſed to ſit to him for this purpoſe; and his execution of this work, added to the fame he had already acquired, procured him the royal patronage, and an order from his Majeſty to prepare another buſt, which he intended to preſent to the Univerſity of Gottingen. Her Majeſty alſo was pleaſed to give directions for a third; and Mr Bacon has ſince executed a fourth, which has been placed in the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries.

He was ſoon afterward employed by the dean and fellows of Chriſt-church, in forming ſeveral buſts for them, particularly the late Gen. Guiſe, the Biſhop of Durham, and the primate of Ireland. In 1773, he preſented to the ſociety for the Encouragement of Arts, two ſtatues in plaiſter, which by a vote of that ſociety were directed to be placed in their great room. On this occaſion, Mr Bacon addreſſed them in a very polite letter, acknowledging his obligations to their foſtering encouragement. To this they ſent an equally polite letter, with their gold medal, on the reverſe of which is inſcribed *eminent merit.*

In 1777, he was employed to prepare a model of a monument to be erected in Guy's hoſpital, to the memory of the founder. In the north aiſle of Weſtminſter-abbey, is a monument by him to the memory of the late Earl of Halifax; and a marble urn executed by him has, by the direction of Lady Chatham, been placed in the gardens of Burton Pynſent, ſacred to the memory of the Earl of Chatham.

The inhabitants of Jerſey, having determined to perpetuate the memory of the gallant Major Pierſon, who fell in the defence of that iſland againſt the French, the execution of the monument was committed to Mr Bacon; and the ſociety of All-Souls, Oxford, having agreed to erect a ſtatue of the late judge Blackſtone, he was employed by them for that purpoſe.

In the different competitions with rival artiſts, Mr Bacon has been almoſt always ſucceſsful, there being but one exception out of ſixteen inſtances.

Of his works exhibited at different periods at the Royal Academy, the following may be enumerated; ſtatues of Mars and Venus; coloſſal buſt of Jupiter; coloſſal ſtatue of the Thames; ſeveral ſmall figures in marble; and a monument, ſince placed in the cathedral of Briſtol, to the memory of Mrs Draper. But the moſt important work hitherto preſented to the world by Mr Bacon, is the monument of Lord Chatham, erected in Weſtminſter-abbey, at the world expence, and undoubtedly a firſt-rate production of the art, and ſufficient alone to immortalize his name. To enumerate them all is impoſſible; the moſt conſiderable are, Lord Chatham's monument in Guildhall; the bronze groupe in the ſquare of Somerſet-place; Lady Miller's, at Bath; Lord

Rodney's at Jamaica; Lord Heathfield's, at Buckland, near Plymouth; Earl and Countess of Effingham's, at Jamaica; Sir George Pococke's and Bishop Thomas', in Westminster-abbey; Mr Howard's and Dr Johnson's, in St Paul's, and the pediment of the East India House; he had under his hand at the time of his death the monuments of Mr Whitbread; Sir William Jones; Mr Mason, the poet; dean Milner; Gen. Dundas, for St Paul's; Captains Harvey and Hutt for the Abbey; a groupe for India, containing a colossal statue of Marquis Cornwallis, an equestrian bronze of William the Third, for St James'-Square, with some others of less importance, which are finishing by his ingenious son.

This distinguished artist and excellent man was suddenly attacked with an inflammation in his stomach, on the evening of Sunday, August 4, 1799, which carried him off in two days. During his short illness he expressed a firm reliance on that sure foundation on which he had long and consistently built. In addition to his other qualifications, he was a most sincere Christian. He departed this life on Wednesday, August 7, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, leaving two sons and three daughters by his first wife, and three sons by his last, the surviving widow.

ON CORRECTNESS.

By Dr Akenside.—Not in his Works.

IN conversations that turn upon the state of polite literature among the several nations of Europe, one hears nothing so frequently as complaints of the incorrectness of our *English* authors; and of all our neighbours, the French are universally acknowledged our superiors in this respect, to the highest degree. I have seldom dared to oppose so general a decision among men of taste; though it is to be wished they would tell us the precise meaning of the word *correctness*: for, till that be done, a true-born Englishman may fairly refuse his vote, and stand up for the honour of Old England in this particular, against a nation which his wiser progenitors were not wont to look upon as their superior.

It will be allowed, I believe, that an author is correct, in proportion as he avoids those blemishes, which are most repugnant to the perfection of his particular species of writing. But the several species of writing are themselves very greatly to be distinguished, in point of eminence and dignity. He is a strange critic who thinks a sonnet or madrigal as much to be regarded as a tragedy, or who talks as seriously of an eclogue to Iris, as of an epic poem. It should seem then, that the comparative correctness of English and French authors in general, is proportionable to their comparative degrees of perfection in the highest kinds of composition.

I was expressing myself in this manner, before a certain company, when Pollio interrupted me. Pollio has a nice taste rather than a good one. I see, says he, whither you are going, you would entitle England to more correctness than France, because epic poetry is the highest species of composition, and the French have no epic poet so perfect as Milton. But remember, that correctness consists in being free from blemishes, and that even this point will be denied you. What think you of the Henriade? Did you ever there meet with blemishes so shocking as in the Paradise Lost?

For my part, said I, the greatest and most shocking blemish of any poem

poem ſeems to me to be the want of ſuch beauties as are moſt characteriſtic and eſſential to its kind. And in this light, Voltaire's Pretty Thing is full of the moſt incorrigible, unpardonable blemiſhes. "I ſing that hero who reigned in France, both by right of birth and by right of conqueſt" Is this the exordium of an epic poem, or of an engroſſed parchment? I ſhould not have laid hold of ſo minute a point, had the general ſtyle and manner of the poem deſerved more indulgence. I allow it to be very prettily, if you will, to be finely written. Many of the deſcriptions are elegant; many of the characters are well drawn. But an epic poem requires, not fine writing, but a ſimplicity and dignity of expreſſion that diſdains to wear finer clothes than that nature which it repreſents. An epic poem requires, not elegant deſcriptions of objects, but the action, the reality of objects: the parties which they play in nature, not the appearances they make to the poet's reflex attention. To draw direct characters of perſons, is the work of an hiſtorian: the epic poet ſhould ſet them before your eyes, and bid their actions and their looks tell you their characters. In ſhort, I eſteem the Henriade as in the ſame claſs of poetry with Dryden's Fables, and there it gives me pleaſure. But if you produce it as an epic poem, it is to me an unanſwerable proof, that the French taſte in epic poetry is extremely *incorrect* and barbarous.

The genius of their language, replied Pollio, is perhaps an unſurmountable obſtacle to their attaining the utmoſt heights of the epic ſpecies. Tragedy is the next in dignity, and there, I am ſure, you muſt allow their ſuperior correctneſs and purer taſte. To oppoſe the irregular ſtarts and ſallies of the Engliſh drama to the unity, truth, and juſt economy of the French, is to prefer the vaſt heaps of rock in a quarry, or craggy ſhore, to the proportions of a beautiful temple or theatre.

To unity and truth, ſaid I, in works of art, I am as warmly attached as any man. But as tragic poetry is multiform and various, ſo one part of it may be conſtructed according to the laws of unity and truth, while another perhaps directly contradicts them. There is a unity of fable, in which it may be allowed the French greatly exceed us. But in my opinion, the unity of characters is prior in dignity; and there I think we as greatly exceed them. I am not accuſing the French tragedians of inconſiſtence, or poetical falſehood in their characters; but I ſay their characters are not always *capable* of inconſiſtence: I mean, they are often ſo vague and undetermined, that you hardly know what they ſhould ſay, or what they ſhould not. Compare them in this reſpect with our Engliſh poets, with Shakſpeare eſpecially, and——

You are ſtill, interrupted my friend, for ſhifting the queſtion. We are diſputing about the comparative purity and correctneſs of the French and Engliſh writers; not about their comparative genius or talents. The unity of character in Shakſpeare, and his vaſt inſight into human paſſions, I dare not call in queſtion: I know the good company would exclaim againſt me, ſhould I but mention a competitor with him in that particular. But this is wholly the energy of natural genius, and in no degree an argument of correctneſs. Correctneſs always ſuppoſes reflection, and an induſtrious enquiry by what culture you can beſt render your work perfect.

Be it ſo, ſaid I; I am highly obliged to you, Pollio, for the obſervation. If then to be correct, ſuppoſes deliberation and induſtry, it is evident that an author who applies his induſtry to the moſt important parts of his work, is more correct than another who rather attends to

the minute and trivial. For nothing can be a clearer proof of incorrectneſs and want of taſte, than to neglect the chief beauties of your art for the ſake of partial and childiſh refinements. In the general economy of their fable, in the mechanical connexion of their ſcenes, and in the temperance of poetical diſcourſe, the French are allowed to be evidently our ſuperiors. But are there no points of as great conſequence in dramatic poetry, where we can retort the charge of barbariſm, and an unfiniſhed taſte? What think you of the verſification, the rhyme of their tragedies? Is that an inſtance either of a *correct* muſical ear, or of good judgment in the veriſimilitude of imitation, one of the chief articles of eſtabliſhed and authentic criticiſm? What think you of thoſe long declamatory ſpeeches ſo frequent in their tragic poets? Where the poet forgets he is imitating, and ſays pompous things in his proper perſon, when he ought to ſay only natural things, and ſuitable to the condition of his actor. A ſure proof of a raw, young judgment, both in the poet who writes ſo, and in the audience who ſuffers him! And accordingly, both in the Grecian theatre and in the Engliſh, we find this the conſtant practice of their earlieſt writers, and gradually wearing off as the national taſte grew mature; juſt as in the laſt century, rhyme was the mode in tragedy for a while, till our countrymen approached to a more manly judgment, and then even Dryden was aſhamed to patronize it, though ſupported by French correctneſs, and the authority of Corneille and Racine. But their moſt flagrant ill taſte and crudeneſs of imitation, appears in the frenchified air of all their dramatic perſonages. Let the ſcene be India, Conſtantinople, or ancient Rome, the poet always compoſes in Paris. The prettineſs of French manners is above conforming to the cuſtom of the country, but converts a turban, a wreath of feathers, or woollen toga, into the toupee, the ſolitaire and brocade in faſhion. This is mere want of correctneſs and true taſte; and ſhocks one at leaſt as much as any Flemiſh or Venetian picture, where a Jewiſh or Grecian ſubject is repreſented in ruffs and whiſkers, in Swiſs hats and Spaniſh breeches. An inſtance of unſkilfulneſs and barbariſm, far beyond the broken ſcenes and frequent change of place on the Engliſh theatre: theſe indeed ſhew a deficiency or neglect of mechanical contrivance, but the other ſtrikes at the truth, beauty, and utility of poetic imitation, in its moſt eſſential part.

It were eaſy to produce inſtances of a very incorrect taſte among the French, even in little things, as well as in theſe more important points of criticiſm. Were I a Frenchman, concerned for the poetical glory of my country, I ſhould lament its unmuſical language, and the impoſſibility of forming it to numbers or harmony. The French ode is an uncertain mixture of different feet, changing at random the rhythmus or movement of the verſe, and diſappointing one's ear, juſt as if a dancer, in the midſt of a minuet, ſhould fall a capering in the harlequin ſtep, or break out into a Lancaſhire hornpipe. Their Alexandrine meaſure, which they call heroic, has its pauſes or *cæſura* in every line at the ſame place: ſo that two hammers on a ſmith's anvil make juſt as much muſic as Racine or Boileau. If this be without remedy in the French language, their language is very unfortunate for poetry; but is it not diverting to hear theſe finiſhed critics and maſters of correctneſs, valuing themſelves upon this wretched, unmuſical poverty in their verſe, and blaming the licentiouſneſs of Engliſh poetry, becauſe it allows a variation of the pauſe, and a ſuſpenſion of the period, from one verſe into

into any part of another? without which, poetry has leſs harmony than proſe.

It is hard to conceive by what means the French acquired this character of ſuperior correctneſs. We have claſſic authors in Engliſh, older than in any modern language, except the Italian; and Spencer and Sidney wrote with the trueſt taſte, when the French had not one great poet they can bear to read. Milton and Chapelain were contemporaries: the Pucelle and Paradiſe Loſt, were in hand perhaps frequently at the ſelf-ſame hour.

One of them was executed in ſuch a manner, that an Athenian of Menander's age would have turned his eyes from the Minerva of Phidias, or the Venus of Apollo, to obtain more perfect conceptions of beauty from the Engliſh poet; the other, though foſtered by the French court for twenty years, with the utmoſt indulgence, does honour to the Leonine and the Runic poetry. It was too great an attention to French criticiſm, that hindered our poets, in Charles the ſecond's time, from comprehending the genius and acknowledging the authority of Milton; elſe, without looking abroad, they might have acquired a manner more correct and perfect, than French authors could or can teach them. In ſhort, unleſs correctneſs ſignify a freedom from little faults, without enquiring after the moſt eſſential beauties, it ſcarce appears on what foundation the French claim to that character is eſtabliſhed.

FOR THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE MISANTHROPE; A TALE.

"——" I, alas! have borne the buffet rude,
Have dregg'd the chalice brimming with deceit,
And known of fortune in her darkeſt mood.
I from the world but aſk ſome kind retreat,
Where ſtorms remotely frown, and billows vainly beat."
Courtier's Pleaſures of Solitude.

THE laſt beams of the departing ſun gilded the ſweet village of Newton, and I wandered forth, reſolved to enjoy a ſolitary walk by the river ſide. I had to paſs along the village, and here a moſt delightful ſcene preſented itſelf. The ſimple cottagers, after the labours of the day, were ſitting at their doors, calmly enjoying the ſtillneſs of the evening. Their children were playing around them with innocent glee, and, if I could judge from their chearful faces, they ſeemed to have no wiſh ungratified. I ſtood a while to obſerve their ruſtic mirth; a perſon of a refined taſte might have been diſguſted with their ſimple amuſements, but it was the effects of good health and high ſpirits, a rich feaſt to thoſe who had a reliſh for nature in her faireſt form, without reſtraint or diſguiſe. My heart thrilled with undeſcribable ſenſations of delight; I looked around, and nothing met my eye but beauty and harmony: I almoſt forgot that miſery was an inhabitant of this lower world. I purſued my walk to the water ſide; the ſtream was bright, and not a breeze deformed its ſurface, now and then it was agitated by the inhabitants, who would ſpring up to ſeize the unſuſpicious fly that ſailed on its glaſſy boſom. Its ſides were fringed in ſome places with underwood, which could not ſcreen the traveller from the mid-day ſun, but afforded a pleaſing retreat in the cool evening hour. I ſought my favourite copſe on the brink of the river; but, to my great mortification, upon my arrival, I found my ſeat, under the ſpreading beech-tree, was occupied by a ſtranger. My ſurprize at finding him there, where I had not been uſed to meet any body, made me examine him minutely. His appearance was intereſting; he ſeemed to have witneſſed more proſperous days, for his clothing had the marks of decayed gentility, a ſettled gloom hung upon his countenance, which

which was manly and expreſſive; his eyes were fixed upon the ſtream, and I paſſed him, without his appearing to obſerve me. I walked a little farther, but my curioſity was excited ſo much about the perſon I had juſt ſeen, that I returned again, and found him ſtill in the ſame poſture. I reſolved to go a little nearer him, and try to get ſome converſation with him. I accordingly made up to him, for this purpoſe; but at my approach he turned round, and threw a look upon me, which almoſt baniſhed my former reſolutions; however, I advanced, and thought I might hazard an introductory ſpeech. "This is a fine evening, Sir," ſaid I. "I believe ſo, Sir," ſaid he, in a tone and manner that convinced me he was no common man. "You have a charming view of the village up the river, from this point, Sir," ſaid I. "I never looked at it, Sir," ſaid he, "all views are alike to me; the delightful evening only adds a deeper gloom to the weight of wo, which will ſoon bring me where the raving tempeſt and the calm ſhall be equally agreeable to me. When I ſee towns and villages, I know that they are the habitations of beings that are hateful to me; beings whom I have known too well: perhaps, had I tried them leſs, I ſhould have liked them better; but it matters not now, my fate is decided, and nothing ſhall ever tempt me again into the haunts of men. I ſhould not have come here, had I not ſuppoſed that nobody would have diſcovered me."

"I am ſorry, Sir," ſaid I, "that you ſhould have had any occaſion to form ſuch an unfavourable opinion of mankind. There are many wicked people in the world, among ſome of whom you may have unfortunately fallen, but I truſt that virtue has ſtill her abode amongſt us." "O no, Sir," ſaid he, "I have known enough of them, to convince me that they are all wicked, they prey upon each others vitals, and, on pretence of ſerving one another, they are ſecretly undermining their characters and fortunes, till they raiſe themſelves on the ruins of injured merit. I could tell a tale that would illuſtrate the truth of my opinions, but it could ſerve no good purpoſe, therefore it may ſleep within my own boſom." Then riſing haſtily, he was going away, when I ſaid, "If it is not taking too great a liberty, Sir, may I requeſt you to give me a ſlight ſketch of the circumſtances that have occaſioned your preſent opinions." "I ſhall do ſo, Sir," ſaid he, "provided you promiſe to offer no ſervices, nor lure me to mix in a world, which has already prepared ſuch bitter draughts for me." I was forced to comply with his propoſal, and he thus began:

"My name is Hervey; I was born in a ſmall village in the ſouth of England. I do not recollect my parents, they died when I was very young, but I have been told that they were good ſort of people. At their death, they conſigned me (their only child,) to the care of an uncle; into his family I was received with what little patrimony my father left me. As ſoon as I could obſerve any thing, I began to perceive that my ſituation there was far from being agreeable. I was put to ſchool, but my progreſs was overlooked, as a thing of no conſequence; while my booby couſins were continually brought forward. Every body heard of the rapid progreſs which they made in their learning, but I was obliged to ſtand back, and ſcarcely allowed to anſwer when any body ſpoke to me. I ſoon obſerved this, and I was diſpleaſed that I did not receive an equal ſhare of praiſe, when I was conſcious that I deſerved it better than thoſe who received it. I toiled on a few dreary years in this ſtate; things were not like to mend, my couſins were more grown up, and they were taken out to viſit with my uncle and aunt; while I was left at home, to find amuſement for myſelf. No day paſſed over my head, without my meeting with ſome rub or mortification; in ſhort, my life was a continual ſcene of ſuffering.

"My uncle, without conſulting my inclinations, had determined to bind me apprentice to a merchant in Liverpool; and as his wife complained of my being troubleſome, he diſpatched me as ſoon as I was able to ſtand behind the counter. Here I was propped up much againſt my liking, but I ſaid nothing, as I thought things could not be worſe than they were. As I was a little fellow, and not able to defend my own rights, I was obliged to ſubmit quietly to every drudgery which the elder apprentices choſe to put upon me. Some years paſſed away in this manner. I ſeldom ſaw my uncle, and when he did come, he left ſtrict injunctions with my maſter to keep me buſy; ſo I did not

long

long for his visit, as it was attended with no other consequence than an increase of my hardships. In my thoughtful moments, I often resolved to break my slavery, and try some other plan for my future life; but then I had no friends to protect me, after withdrawing from my uncle. I had a great desire to go abroad, and visit other countries; this I could accomplish by going to sea, and, without farther hesitation, I resolved to go with a master of a ship, whom I knew a little: he was bound for the West Indies, so I gathered my few things together one morning, and set sail with him. It is needless to recount to you the many unlooked-for hardships I underwent, during a long and dangerous voyage, but we reached our destined port in safety, and I was landed on a distant shore, in a most forlorn situation. I knew not which hand to turn to; however, I plucked up some spirit, and began to look about me; and I at length found some employment, which promised me a decent livelihood. I remained several years in this employment, and with care and attention had gained something considerable, with which I intended to return to England, as my health did not agree with the climate.

During my stay at Kingston, I had formed an intimacy with a young man from Scotland, an adventurer, like myself: this circumstance united us more closely, he seemed to take a great interest in me, and I with frankness confided all my cares to him. I told him my design of returning to England, he seemed highly pleased with it, and proposed coming over with me, and we would go into business together. This I agreed to with readiness, and we came over, and settled in Manchester, as he had some friends there, whom he was certain would give us encouragement. They did so in some measure; and we went briskly on for two or three years: but I began to perceive my partner's inattention to business; he became showy and fashionable, was to be seen every where but in his shop. The whole burden of the business of course fell upon me. I seriously remonstrated, but to no purpose; he had resolved to live handsomely upon my labours, and if we should fail, he had friends to whom he could look. The unhappy event I so much dreaded at length arrived. I had occasion to be from home, about some orders, and upon my return I found that heavy demands had been made upon us, which we were not able to satisfy, and our shop was shut. I much feared that there had been some improper conduct in my absence; but however that might be, it was in vain now to upbraid. I must again begin my fortune, and endeavour to get other friends, more steady than those I had already found. Sometime after, I learned that my old friend (whose pretended generosity I had relied on too firmly,) had got a new shop, and was figuring away in a most extensive business, but no remembrance of me, no wish that I should rejoice with him in his good fortune. My disposition was sanguine, and I was unwilling to look on the dark side of my fate: I still thought that joyous days were before me; my heart was warm and friendly, and I was ready to lay hold upon every one who, with seeming sincerity, made me an offer of their services. But I had still a misery, which I never dreaded, to endure. When I went to visit those friends whom I knew in the days of my better fortune, I found their doors shut against me. This is hard indeed, thought I; much worse to bear than the loss of wealth. When I become poor, although it reflects no infamy upon me, yet I am not so easily remembered. Those whom I had been in habits of intimacy with, jostled past me on the street, or looked another way on my approach, whom they were always wont to hail with rapture. Yet they had nothing to say, but, This man has been unfortunate. I consoled myself with this thought, but still my heart felt sore, and my spirits were daily on the decline. I quitted Manchester, and went as a clerk to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had an extensive manufactory. I remained with him some years; he allowed me a handsome provision, and at the end of that time, I found myself possessed of a little stock, with which I wished again to begin business, and endeavour to obtain a small independency. I put this plan in execution, and it succeeded pretty well, except now and then my temper was ruffled, by the cold suspicious manners of those by whom I was surrounded.

"About this time, I became acquainted with a Mrs Martin, the widow of a Mr Martin, who had been a farmer in the neighbourhood. She had two daughters,

daughters, whoſe ſimple and amiable manners appeared to me highly intereſting; with them I had much agreeable intercourſe. The youngeſt I afterwards was particularly attached to, and I fancied the attachment was mutual. But I ſoon obſerved an unaccountable change in their manner towards me, none of that cordiality with which I was wont to be received. Mrs Martin was ſcarcely civil, and her daughters looked coldly upon me. I could not bear this change, feeling that I had not deſerved it, without enquiring into the reaſon of it. Mrs Martin told me, it was ſimply this, a mother's prudence forbade her encouraging a connection which could not be for her daughter's advantage; as ſhe had learned that my circumſtances and proſpects were far below what her daughter might expect. This was a delicate ſubject; I could not paſs it, but I eaſily perceived, that ſome malicious perſon had been too buſy with my affairs.

I left Mrs Martin's with a ſorrowful heart, and an intention to repeat my viſits no more. I learned a ſhort while after, that my old partner had (hearing of my ſucceſs,) wiſhed to ruin me, by ſpreading an account of my inability to carry on buſineſs, and the great chance I had of being ſoon a bankrupt. This report had reached Mrs Martin, and ſhe forbid her daughter to encourage my addreſſes; but how ſhe could ſo eaſily withdraw her affections from me was a circumſtance that ſhocked me much, yet I was ſtill anxious to think favourably of her motives for treating me with indifference, and to hope that I held a place in her heart; but my doubts and difficulties were ſilenced for ever, upon hearing that ſhe had married a young man whom ſhe had known only a ſhort time; but he was more agreeable to her mother, and his fortune was more affluent than mine. This was a terrible blow to me, I reſolved that none ſhould entwiſt themſelves round my heart again. My ſpirits were ſo much depreſſed, that it became painful to me to do any thing that required the leaſt energy of mind. At length I reſolved to ſettle my affairs and go into the country, where I hoped time and change of ſcene might baniſh the remembrance of my ſorrows. But each new day has added to my miſery, and I do not wiſh now to behold the face of man, leaſt he ſhould again bring me into ſcenes where I am likely to ſuffer. No, I ſhall fill up the meaſure of my woes alone, and endeavour to bear in ſilence what cannot be remedied by complaint."

Here he paſed, and I knew not what to ſay, for I durſt not ſympathize with him; but I ſaid, "Allow me, Sir, to ſtate my objections againſt one part of your conduct: You have been unfortunate, but it is the lot of thouſands: Why ſhould you, with weak cowardice, fly from the combat, which cannot laſt long? why lull aſleep the beſt feelings of your heart, and bury yourſelf in ſolitude? Becauſe a few thorns have obſtructed your progreſs in the path of life, think you that the road will never be ſmooth? Recollect, vain man, that the Almighty is your guide, and he is able to bring you, out of many troubles, to a land of reſt." When I had finiſhed he aroſe, and throwing a look of contempt upon me, ſaid, "You have heard my ſtory, Sir; my plan of life is fixed: go, and trouble not the unfortunate with your advice."

Saying this, he walked away, and I viewed him with emotions I had never felt before, till a thick wood concealed him from my ſight. I viſited the wood again, but I ſaw him no more; and upon making farther enquiries about him, I found that he had quitted that part of the country, and no body knew where he went to. *M.S.A.*

Poetry.

(For the Edinburgh Magazine.)

EVENING.

DOWN the ſkies is deſcending the Ruler of day,
Behind yon bright hills to retire:
His ſtrong beaming rays on the atmoſphere play:
And the clouds tower in columns of fire.
But feel how theſe ſcenes imperceptibly fade!
And with them the day's heart enlivening delights:
And mild-featur'd Evening, in ſable array'd,
With calm, muſing ſtep, wraps creation in ſhade,
And to ſweet meditation invites.

All

All hail, ſober Eve! 'neath thy pale, chilly ray,
From man's noiſy dwellings I fly;
And by *Tweed's* winding waters, thus, penſively ſtray,
With Wiſdom's contemplative eye.—
There, Nature, the miſtreſs of ſcience and ſong,
Bids me pour out my woes in a ſoul-breathing lay;
'Till huſhed are the griefs, and forgotten the wrong,
Which Misfortune inflicted, while travelling along
Youth's pleaſing, but dangerous way.

Now riſes the Moon: Her pale ſilver-light gleams,
Faint-diſcovering the mountain and wood:
Unnumbered the ſtars glow around her, whoſe beams
Play light on the tremulous flood.—
How charming to walk—when ſo mild is the ſky—
With the Nymph of my ſoul!—Ah! Remembrance, no more!—
Why cruelly force Diſappointment to ſigh?
Why melt, with heart-anguiſh, the tear-guſhing eye?
Theſe hours of enchantment are o'er!

Oft I viſit yon round, ruin'd camp, and ſurvey
Its towers and its ramparts decay'd:
Where the rough, ſhapeleſs pillars, half fallen, and gray,
Mark the tomb where the warrior is laid.
There, ſheltered, the flocks of the hamlet remain;
And the fond, youthful *pair*, heave the love-raptured ſigh;
Where Scotia's bold patriots, independence to gain,
Bathed in blood, rolled the battle's fierce tide o'er the plain,
And knew not from danger to fly.

Now Night ſheds her ſlumbers on every eye;
And Silence broods over the plains:
The winds are aſleep, and the woods nod on high,
And the birds have forgotten their ſtrains.—
No!—liſten!—What harmony burſts from the ſpray!
Some Spirit is pouring his numbers along!—
All is ſilent.—Hark again!—'Tis the Nightingale's lay,
Who ſings, nature-taught, the lone moments away;
And charms gloomy Night with the ſong.

Thou, Nature! who taughtſt me, in Childhood's gay hour,
My numbers, wild-warbling, to roll;
Still inſpire me, like ſad Philomela, and pour
Bright Fancy's warm glow on my ſoul.—
And, now, when Hope's temple in ruins is laid,
And her ſhrine is profaned by the hand of Deſpair,
O! teach me to drain Sorrow's cup undiſmay'd,
And to pierce, with ſtrong eye, thro' the dark, midnight ſhade,
Which envelopes this valley of care!

Clouds thicken. No ray night's pale Empreſs affords,
And Darkneſs breathes horror around!
'Tis welcome!—My care-haraſſed ſpirit accords
With ſcenes where no pleaſure is found!—
As vaniſh the bright-coloured landſcapes of day,
When dark-mantled Night is extending her reign;
So, when Death's ſable cloud covers Life's twinkling ray,
The charms of Wealth, Beauty, and Power paſs away,
But Wiſdom and Virtue remain.

Inverleithen. *J. N.*

(For the Edinburgh Magazine.)

SONG.

WHILE ſome to diſtant regions ſail
Thro' ſtorms, that on the ocean roar;
Or dye wi' blood the flowery vale,
Where Love and Pleaſure reign'd before;
Or, of ſtern Poverty afraid,
Their countleſs ſums o' goud conceal;
I, joyfu' ſing the bonie Maid,
The bonie Maid I lo'e ſae weel.

Did e'er the roſes on the green,
Or lilies bath'd in morning dew,
Attract thy ſight?—Then haſt thou ſeen
Her dimpling cheek's untainted hue.
The morning ſtar didſt thou e'er ſee,
In ſkies, which not a cloud conceal?—
Then thou beheld the ſparkling e'e
O' the ſweet Maid I lo'e ſae weel.

My fleecy flock I'll tend ſecure;
My little orchard dreſs wi' care;
Wi' bluſhing flowerets deck my bower,
A pleaſant dwelling for my Fair.
If ſhe conſent to live wi' me,
What joy! what happineſs I'll feel!
The pleaſure o' my life ſhall be
To pleaſe the Maid I lo'e ſae weel.

But, if my ſimple vow ſhe ſlight,—
That mourufu' day, ah! ſhall I view!—
I'll bid adieu to ſweet delight!
To love and beauty bid adieu!
I'll ſeek ſome ſolitary ſhade,
My grief and ſorrow to conceal!—
But ſtill I'll bleſs the bonie Maid,
The bonie Maid I lo'ed ſae weel!

Inverleithen. *J. N.*

(For the Edinburgh Magazine.)

REFLECTIONS ON THE DISCHARGE OF DEBT.

A Fragment.

BUT to a mind that feels another's woe,
From debt diſcharg'd ſtill higher pleaſures flow;
Can coſtly wines or ſumptuous array,
The ſplendid ball, and oft immoral play,
(All vain delights) with ſuch a reliſh pleaſe,
As gen'rous thoughts, reflections ſweet as theſe?
" In ſecret grief no fellow creatures pine,
" From any thoughtleſs cruel debt of mine.
" For me, no widow and her orphan train,
" Unfit to want, too modeſt to complain,
" In tatter'd raiment paſs theſe wintry days;
" Or pinch'd with cold, on dying embers gaze.
" For me, no little ſhop, its owner's pride,
" In happier days, well fill'd on every ſide,
" Is now forſaken, profitleſs, or bare;
" With "empty boxes" ſcatter'd packthread there.
" No traders ſunk to indigence and ſcorn,
" By fault of mine, from weeping families torn,
" In dreary priſons waſte the tedious day,
" To noxious vapour, ſlow diſeaſe, a prey.
" Ah, priſon ſickneſs! hard beyond compare!
" No tender wives, no nurſing mothers there!
" Or ſhould theſe friends explore the gloomy cell,
" Their ſtay is bitter;—bitter their farewell."
Oh, would the rich one feeling thought beſtow,
While thus they hear theſe riſing tempeſts blow,
On thoſe who in a dreary priſon mourn,
From lawful claims, being heard with cruel ſcorn.
Could they but view the anguiſh, dumb or wild,—
The weeping mother, and the ſtarving child;
The cheerleſs houſe, whence every comfort's fled;
The dying embers, and the tatter'd bed.
Of happier days now fled, the piercing ſting,
And all the ills from bankruptcy that ſpring,—
They'd not require this monitory lay,
But every debt with generous bluſhes pay.
Oh! could the muſe this noble end obtain;
Once might ſhe cry, I have not ſung in vain.
To baniſh ſorrow, happier ſcenes recall,
And thoſe ſupport, who haſten to their fall;
To raiſe the low, the priſ'ner's fetters looſe,
The nobleſt work the glory of the muſe.

October 10, 1800. ABDITUS.

(For the Edinburgh Magazine.)

ROSLIN CASTLE.

An Elegy.

WHILE yellow moon light clears the ſummer field,
And nature's beauties wanton to the view;
Impreſs'd by thee, ſweet Poetry, I yield,
To trace the lines that fancy's pencil drew

Ah! Heav'nly ſolitude, moſt lovely maid!
How oft alone, thro' woods and wilds unſeen,
Loſt to the world, ſequeſter'd have I ſtray'd,
To muſe with thee on life's ſtill varying ſcene.

Where weeps the willow o'er the languid ſtream,
And whiſp'ring zephyrs breathe the leaves among,
That teach the little lonely bat to ſkim
With murky wing, the river's face along:

Stands a huge pile, the work of ages paſt,
Whoſe turrets riſe upon the ſylvan ſteep;
Where weeps the ſpirit of the winter's blaſt;
And owls, that ſhun the light, their vigils keep.

With awe I trace thy wild diſmantl'd form,—
Thy once proud hall, now open to the wind;—
Thy groaning walls, deep mark'd with many a ſtorm,
That overlook the nodding grove behind.

Where, dread to tell, in legendary tale,
Did whining ghoſts their themes of wo impart,
Where muſic floated thro' the midnight vale
And dwelt, protected, necromancy's art.

Alas! that hall, where once perhaps has rung,
The ſounding circle of illuſtrious name;
When

When Bards of old their ſongs of triumph ſung,
That now ſurvive but in their country's fame.

Thy moſs-clad Chapel haſt'ning to decay,
That yet may boaſt the ſculptor's niceſt art;
Where ſuperſtition bore its myſtic ſway,
And ſweet Religion bath'd the ſwollen heart.

Here uſher'd in the odour-breathing morn,
With matin ſongs and ſweet celeſtial lays;
On beauty's voice the veſper hymn was borne,
And midnight maſſes bade the Chapel blaze.

Ye echoing rocks, that witneſs'd oft the ſtrain,
When, loudly ſwelling on the riſing blaſt,
Remembrance wakes her fancy-thrilling train,
And for a while participates the paſt.

Ye mould'ring walls, that rev'rence mantles o'er,
With holy awe diſpenſing, touch the heart;
That bid us ſtill thy mournful ſtate deplore,
And in thy maxims take a willing part.

See here the marks of time's all-conqu'ring hand—
The ſpeaking retroſpect of earthly boaſt;
Relentleſs pow'r that nought on earth can ſtand,
But muſt reſign its proweſs in the duſt!

Aſpiring man! ſtill frailer ſtate is thine;
With all thy towering proſpects vainly ſped;
The morning ſun, in luſtre ſees thee ſhine,—
Pale Cynthia's bluſh, thy glaring bloſſoms ſhed.

The great good man that better days has known,
Like Roſlin's turrets mark'd with fortune's blaſt,
And dire misfortune in his feature's ſhown,
Will ſtill a monument of virtue laſt.

For like theſe walls, tho' now in ruins laid,
He holds his value with the wiſe and good;
His ſacred perſon none will dare invade,
And fallen—ſeems as great as when he ſtood.

J. F. D.

(For the Edinburgh Magazine.)

TO A CHILD, ON THE DEATH OF ITS MOTHER.

YES, lovely babe! thy tender years
Shall ſtill a mother's fondneſs prove;
Ev'n now her ſportleſs ſpirit bears
The ardour of her former love.

What tho' no more, with conſcious joy,
Thou ſmileſt in her circling arms?
What tho' no more ſhe gaze, ſweet boy,
With rapture on thine op'ning charms?

Her care ſhall keep thine infant mind
In artleſs innocence, and peace:
Each playful ſport, by her refin'd,
Shall ſtill thy bliſs, thy charms increaſe.

Oft from thy ſoft enticing tongue
Her inſpiration pure ſhall flow;
And, ſweet as ſeraph's heav'nly ſong,
Aſſuage thy mourning father's woe.

Aiſon's Square *A. S.*

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

By Robert Burns.

THOU lingering ſtar, with leſs'ning ray,
That lov'ſt to greet the early morn,
Again thou uſher'ſt in the day
My Mary from my ſoul was torn.

O, Mary! dear departed ſhade!
Where is thy place of bliſsful reſt?
Seeſt thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'ſt thou the groans that rend his breaſt?

That ſacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Thoſe records dear of tranſports paſt;
Thy image at our laſt embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our laſt!

Ayr gurgling kiſs'd his pebbled ſhore,
O'erhung with wild woods' thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd ſcene.

The flowers ſprang wanton to be preſt,
The birds ſang love on every ſpray,
Till too, too ſoon, the glowing weſt
Proclaimed the ſpeed of winged day.

Still o'er theſe ſcenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miſer care;
Time but th' impreſſion deeper makes,
As ſtreams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed ſhade!
Where is thy bliſsful place of reſt?
See'ſt

See'ſt thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'ſt thou the groans that rend his breaſt.

ABSENCE.

I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt dear to me.
SHAKSPEARE.

YE Spires* ! faint glimmering in the ſky,
Ah! why ſo ſoon forſake my view?
Ere diſtance mock my ſorrowing eye,
Receive one tender, laſt adieu!

Ye † Cliffs! ſtill tipt with parting day,
Unleſs fond Fancy's tints deceive;
Slow as I ſteal mine eyes away,
One farewell, lingering look receive!

Stay, Phœbus! ſtay. One moment more
O'er yonder field thine orb ſuſpend!
Let me again thoſe hills explore
Whoſe airy tops in ether blend!

'Tis vain! No more my ſtraining beam
Meets the dear ſcenes it joy'd to ſee,
How changeful Life's deluſive dream!
How ſwift its faireſt phantoms flee!

Lo! twilight treads the darkening plain:
Afar Night's murky viſage glooms:
Onward as flits her ſhadowy train,
Nature a ſolemn look aſſumes.

Ye ſullen hills! ye joyleſs meads!
Why ſorrow thus for abſent Day?
Ev'n now his circling courſe he ſpeeds,
To greet you with enamour'd ray.

But, ah! the ſport of Fate, I leave
Friendſhip and Love's all-cheering ſight;
Though ſuns revolve, I ſtill muſt grieve,
Depriv'd of Love and Friendſhip's light!

Come, ſweet Remembrance! radiant maid!
Come gild the gloom by Abſence ſpread:
Enchantreſs! lend thy ſoothing aid,
And o'er my ſoul bright influence ſhed.

Come, waft me where Camilla dwells;
Paint her mild glance, her graceful air;
And, as my breaſt with rapture ſwells,
Let her lov'd accents charm mine ear.

Recall that ſweetly painful hour,
When firſt her beauty wak'd my ſighs;
Recall that moment, faithful Power!
When laſt convers'd our gazing eyes.—

Angelic Fair! O'er hills I fly;
Thy haunts I tread, thy charms I ſee;
Still ſhall my ſoul all ſpace defy,
And ſtill, untravell'd, dwell with thee!—
Remembrance! Chance the tender ſcene;
Lift me the latch of Friendſhip's door:
Shew me my Campbell's placid mien,
The ſoften'd ſmile he frequent wore.

And paint thoſe looks where female grace,
And ſenſe, and ſweetneſs, mix their charms:
And let her infant's cherub-face
Adorn her fond, maternal arms.

Bright'ning around the ſocial fire,
Diſplay their ſweetly-blooming line;
Let Innocence their lips inſpire,
And in their eyes Contentment ſhine.

Then as I leave the friendly dome,
Awake to each affection bland,
Slow let the favourite ſpaniel come,
And, cowering, crave my patting hand.

Society! Thy joys are paſt:
Thoſe joys that made exiſtence ſmile;
Yet ſhall the recollection laſt,
And many a lonely eve beguile.

Yes! Though I freeze by Volga's ſtream,
Or, fainting, Ganges' courſe purſue:
Still ſhall my Memory's piercing beam
The ſocial manſion oft review!

For there Love mingles kindred hearts,
Philanthropy there breathes her ſigh,
There Friendſhip cordial ſweets imparts,
And light-wing'd hours uncounted fly.

Now Night has thrown her darkeſt veil;
No ſtar the guideleſs pilgrim ſpies;
Laſh'd by the bluſtering, boreal gale,
Aſſant the flaky tempeſt flies.

Quick let me bend my weary way,
To † where yon cheerful taper beams;
And, 'till I hail the new-born day,
May Love and Friendſhip charm my dreams! *G. B. D.*

VERSES

Introductory to the Recitation of Paſſages from the SEASONS, *&c. at the Commemoration of* THOMSON'S BIRTH DAY, *held on Monday, Sept. 22. 1800, by the Knights Companions of the Cape.*

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR WOODS.

LET Autumn's brow, by Fancy crown'd,
Again th' appropriate wreath diſplay,
And Muſic breathe her ſweeteſt ſound,
To greet a *Thomſon*'s natal day.

And ye whoſe hearts in concord ſwell,
If Nature's praiſe the ſong endear,

On

---

* Of Edinburgh. † Arthur's Seat, Saliſbury Craigs, &c.
‡ A ſmall inn near Haddington.

On his fair themes delighted dwell,
Where peerleſs ſhines the *perfect year*.

Ye circling *Seaſons*, various Powers,
Still as ye change, his praiſe renew;
As Tweed reflects the pendent flowers,
Your Bard, as faithful, pictures you.

If *Spring* advance with modeſt mein,
While infant Zephyrs ſport beſide;
If *Summer*, languid, preſs the green,
Or with hot limb embrace the tide;

If *Autumn* bend her lovely form,
Beneath her ripen'd wealth oppreſs'd;
If *Winter* ride the howling ſtorm,
Or on the mountain, frowning, reſt;

Our Poet's ſong, for ever true,
Another Nature there we trace;
While o'er each ſcene Correctneſs drew,
Bright Genius ſhed peculiar grace.

Nor yet reſtrain'd with partial wing
To mark how roll'd the *rural year*,—
In *human life* the turns that ſpring,
He ponder'd, with a glance as clear.

Each generous purpoſe of the ſoul
His to diſplay with zeal confeſt;
The Paſſion, *Scipio* cou'd control,
The Love, that warm'd *Palemon*'s breaſt,

Skill'd in the Drama's powerful art,
He ſtorm'd the breaſt with grief, deſpair:
When he wou'd paint the *ſocial* part,
He look'd within, and trac'd it there.

While favouring Heav'n this day return,
Shall Nature's votary hold it dear;
Still ſhall th' ingenuous boſom burn
To ſpread the fame it muſt revere.

Let rural Youths promote the dance,
The rural Maid well pleas'd attend;
While grateful thoughts her ſmiles advance,
Pure homage to ſoft Beauty's Friend.

So oft let Taſte, with Friendſhip's train,
Reſign to liberal Joy the ſway;
And Rapture conſecrate the ſtrain,
That greets a *Thomſon*'s natal day.

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PARIS—SEPT. 16.

UPON an attentive examination of the preliminaries of peace, which Government has juſt publiſhed, one is no leſs ſtruck with the moderation of the Chief Conſul, than ſurpriſed at the unmeaſurable ambition of the Auſtrian Cabinet

Cabinet. The treaty of Campo Formio is laid down as the baſis of future negociations, the ſtipulations of which treaty were ſo advantageous to the Court of Vienna. The Republic conſents to give up Caſſel, Kehl, Ehrenbreitſtein, and Duſſeldorf; the indemnities which Auſtria was to obtain in Germany are to be taken from Italy, and it is moreover ſtipulated to procure an equivalent for Auſtria, in lieu of the Archbiſhopric of Saltzburg, as well as of that part of Bavaria between the Inn and the Salza, which were to be ceded to the Emperor. It has likewiſe been calculated that the poſſeſſion alone of the ſalt pits of Salzburg, which produced to the Archbiſhop no more than 1,860,000 florins, would afford the Emperor a revenue of 6,520,000 florins. The equivalent therefore for that country ſhould hold out to the Cabinet of Vienna a revenue equal at leaſt to that ſum. We ſay *equal* as there is queſtion here only of the product of the ſalt pits, and no mention is made of the other branches of the revenue of the Archbiſhopric.

Paris, September 23.

The Miniſter of the Interior communicated the following note to the citizens aſſembled in the Temple of Mars to celebrate the fete of the Republic.—*Moniteur.*

The FIRST CONSUL *to the Public Functionaries of the Departments.*

The preliminaries of peace were ſigned at Paris on the 9th Thermidor (July 28) between Citizen Talleyrand, Miniſter of Foreign Affairs, and Count St Julien, and ratified 24 hours afterwards by the Conſuls, Citizen Duroc was directed to carry them to Vienna. The intrigues of the faction inimical to peace, which appears ſtill to enjoy ſome credit, have induced the Emperor to refuſe ratifying them. The refuſal was founded upon a note from the King of England, who demanded that his Envoys ſhould be admitted to the Congreſs of Luneville conjointly with the Plenipotentiaries of the Emperor.

The Government was then forced to break off the armiſtice, in order not to loſe the remainder of the autumn in vain parleys.

General Moreau had orders to communicate to the enemy's General the preliminaries, ſuch as they have been printed in the official Journal, and to make known to him, that if they were not ratified in 24 hours, or if his Imperial Majeſty wanted ulterior explanations, he ſhould ſurrender to the French army the three fortreſſes of Ulm, Ingoldſtadt, and Philipſburgh, if not, that hoſtilities would re-commence.

The Government alſo made known to the King of England, that they ſhould ſee no inconvenience in admitting his Envoys to the Congreſs of Luneville, if he would conſent to a naval truce, which ſhould offer to France the ſame advantage which the continuation of the continental truce gives to the Emperor.

The Government has this moment received by the telegraph the news, "that his Majeſty the Emperor has himſelf proceeded to his army on the Inn, has conſented to ſurrender the three fortreſſes of Ulm, Ingolſtadt, and Philipſburgh, which are this day occupied by the troops of the Republic; and that M. de Lehrbach, furniſhed with the neceſſary powers from his Majeſty the Emperor, is at the head-quarters at Alt-Oettingen, with orders to repair to Luneville."

The difficulties which the conditions of a maritime truce naturally preſent, will ſtill lead to ſome delays; but if the two Governments do not agree on the conditions of the ſaid truce, then France, and his Majeſty the Emperor, will treat ſeparately for a particular peace on the baſis of the preliminaries; and if, which cannot be imagined, the Engliſh party ſtill ſhould be able to influence the Miniſters of Vienna, the troops of the Republic will fear neither ſnow, nor the rigour of the ſeaſons, and will carry on the war to all extremity during the winter, without leaving time for the enemy to form new armies.

SPAIN.

Plague at Cadiz.

There is but too much reaſon to apprehend that the peſtilential diſtemper, which has ſhewn itſelf at Cadiz, is not the yellow fever, but the plague, imported from the coaſt of Barbary. The following extracts of official letters to Government, from his Majeſty's Conſul, Mr Matra, and from Governor O'Hara, at Gibraltar, furniſh very important information on this ſubject:—

From

From Mr Conſul Matra, to Lord Grenville.

Gibraltar, July 29, 1800.

"The laſt accounts which I have ſeen, ſtate the daily mortality in Tangier to be between 20 and 30, and in Tetuan from 100 to 140; upwards of 3000 Moors had then died in Tangier, which is a greater number than I eſtimated the population at; the villages ſeem full as badly off as the towns, but it appears that the diſeaſe did not extend farther ſouth than Arzilla.

"I had a few lines from my Vice-Conſul in Mogadore of the 3d of June, which, as it accompanied ſeveral bills of exchange drawn on me on account of the wrecked ſeamen, was paſſed thro' Spain; at the time of his writing, the plague had ceaſed in the town for 43 days, but he ſays not a word of Morocco or the interior country."

From Governor O'Hara to the Duke of Portland.

Gibraltar, Aug. 10 1800.

"My Lord,

"In conſequence of an information that ſome ſmugglers from this place, who went to land tobacco in Spain, being purſued by the Spaniſh armed boats, had diſembarked in Barbary, where the plague ſtill rages, and on return, denying their communication with that country, were admitted to prattique, and had got into the garriſon, I had them ſeized and put in a Lazaretto under rigorous quarantine, alſo the inhabitants with whom they had communication, to the number of 19; likewiſe, by the advice of the Faculty, I burned the boat in which they came over, and the tenement they lodged in.

"Happily no infection appears upon thoſe atrocious villains, who, after landing in Barbary, put ſome Spaniſh ſmuggiers on ſhore at Santi Petri, near Cadiz, which might have diſſeminated the plague both in the garriſon and in Spain.

"The extraordinary expenditure incurred on this occaſion by feeding the people in quarantine, with health guards to watch them, will be inſerted in my contingent account, and this number referred to as the authority for paſſing that article when it comes under the auditor's inſpection.

"We are ſubject to many evils by ſmuggling foreign tobacco from the bay, which is encouraged by many of the trading inhabitants.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Chas. O'Hara.

Barcelona, Sept. 7.

The diſeaſe that has broke out at Cadiz is neither the yellow fever nor any other epidemical malady; a number of perſons, however, have periſhed; ſtill no precautions are taken at Cadiz to prevent its further operation.

GERMANY.

Munich, Sept. 21.

Early on the 19th inſt. the French courier Mouſtache arrived here, and delivered to General Moreau diſpatches from the Firſt Conſul Bonaparte. At ten in the morning, the Chief of the Staff, Deſſolles, went, accompanied by an Adjutant General, to the Auſtrian head quarters at Alt Oettingen. He carried with him the modified preliminaries of peace, and the *ultimatum* of Bonaparte to the propoſitions of the Emperor.

Yeſterday theſe preliminaries were accepted by the Emperor, and the fear of war was ſuddenly changed into the pleaſing proſpect of peace.

Several couriers were immediately ſent off with the joyful news. Had not the preliminaries been accepted by the Emperor, hoſtilities would have commenced to-day, at ten in the morning; but as they have not, it is certain that the armiſtice is prolonged.

Augſburgh, Sept. 22.

Yeſterday we received the highly pleaſing intelligence, that when hoſtilities were about to recommence, the Emperor had ſigned the modified preliminaries of Bonaparte. That the negociation for a definitive treaty may be expoſed to no further obſtacles, the French are to take poſſeſſion, *pro tempore*, of Ingoldſtadt, Ulm, and Philipſburg. We have now, therefore, the beſt founded hopes that a definitive peace will at laſt take place on the Continent.

Bavaria has been obliged to furniſh 1000, and Suabia 300 horſes, for the French artillery.

Ratiſbon, Sept. 28.

This evening, at ſeven o'clock, a French Officer and a trumpeter arrived here with the pleaſing intelligence, that the armiſtice has been prolonged. The

joy this has occaſioned in this city is general.

Several couriers have been ſent off with the news to Nuremberg and other places.

Another Letter, ſame date, by an Extraordinary Courier.

The Emperor has ratified the preliminaries of peace, which were ſigned at Paris on the 28th of July by the French Miniſter Talleyrand, and Count St Julien. They were ratified at Alt Oettingen and Munich, in the Auſtrian and French head-quarters, on the 20th inſtant.

Peace will again be reſtored. France obtains the Rhine for her boundary; and the Emperor, as a guarantee of his ſincere deſire for peace, gives the French poſſeſſion of the fortreſſes of Ingoldſtadt, Philipſburg, and Ulm, till the definitive treaty ſhall be concluded. The French army will likewiſe, till then, keep its preſent poſition.

DENMARK.

Copy of the ratification of the convention ſigned in Copenhagen on the 29th of Auguſt by their Excellencies Lord Whitworth and Count Bernſtorff, on the part of their reſpective Courts.

Their Daniſh and Britannic Majeſties, animated with an equal deſire of preventing, by a preliminary and amicable agreement, the conſequences that might ariſe from the miſunderſtanding which has taken place between them, in conſequence of the rencontre between the Daniſh frigate the Freya, and ſome Engliſh ſhips of war, as well as of reeſtabliſhing to their full extent the relations of friendſhip and confidence by which they have, for a long time, been united, have for this purpoſe named and conſtituted for their Plenipotentiaries, on the part of his Daniſh Majeſty, the Count de Bernſtorff, his Chamberlain, and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and on the part of his Britannic Majeſty, Lord Whitworth, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Bath; who, after communicating to each other their full and reſpective powers, have agreed to the following articles:

Article I. The queſtion of right reſpecting the viſiting neutral veſſels without convoy, ſhall be poſtponed to a future diſcuſſion.

II. The Daniſh frigate the Freya, and the veſſels found under her convoy, ſhall be immediately releaſed; and the ſaid frigate ſhall be ſupplied, in the ports of his Britannic Majeſty, with every thing in which ſhe may be in want for her repairs, according to the eſtabliſhed uſage of allied and friendly powers.

III. In order to prevent the renewal of differences of the ſame nature by ſimilar rencontres, his Daniſh Majeſty will ſuſpend his convoys until a definitive convention ſhall have been effected by further explanations on the ſame ſubject.

IV. Were it however to happen that rencontres of the ſame kind ſhould take place before the inſtructions intended to prevent them can be effective, it is in that caſe provided, that they ſhall not give riſe to any miſunderſtanding; and the manner of ſettling their reſults ſhall be conſidered as comprehended in the ſubſtance of the preſent convention.

V. This convention ſhall be ratified in three weeks from the preſent date, or earlier if poſſible.

In faith of which, we the underſigned Plenipotentiaries of their Daniſh and Britannic Majeſties have ſigned in their names, and by virtue of our full powers, the preſent convention, and have affixed to it the ſeal of our arms.

Done at Copenhagen, Aug. 29. 1800.

(Signed) *C. Bernſtorff,* *(L. S.)* *Whitworth.* *(L. S.)*

EAST INDIES.

The long meditated expedition againſt Manilla is at length abandoned, it being deemed inexpedient to leave the newly acquired territories, without a force competent for the preſervation of tranquillity. Some recent circumſtances have proved, that there are ſtill in India reſtleſs enterpriſing ſpirits, who would take advantage of the abſence of our army, to break thoſe terms this army impoſes on them.

The 51ſt regiment in February laſt landed at Trincomale. Vizier Ally is confined in a magazine in Fort William, under an officer's guard.

Some papers of the greateſt importance to our commercial intercourſe in the Indian ſeas, were lately diſcovered on board a prow driven by ſtreſs of weather on the coaſt of Sumatra. The Governor-General of Bengal ſent them home in his late diſpatches, together with

with a letter from Mr Campbell, reſident at Croee, containing a narrative of the circumſtances which led to the poſſeſſion of theſe papers.

Colonel Malcolm's Embaſſy to the Court of PERSIA.—*Bombay, March 5.*

Yeſterday afternoon anchored in this harbour, the Hon. Company's frigate the Bombay, Captain Selby, laſt from Abu Sherer. The frigate had a tolerable good paſſage to Muſcat, at which place ſhe arrived on the 18th of January; the Imaum was not preſent, having proceeded on a military expedition to Armus. Syſe Byn Mahomed, the Governor, paid Colonel Malcolm a viſit, which was returned with the requiſite ceremony; and on the 12th, after taking in a ſupply of water and freſh proviſions, they ſailed for Ormus, at which once celebrated Iſland they arrived on the 14th, after a quick and agreeable paſſage of two days. This place has lately received conſiderable repairs from the Imaum of Muſcat, who obtained poſſeſſion of it about four years ago. What is peculiarly remarkable is, that not a ſingle ſpring of *freſh* water is to be found in the iſland, which is 15 miles in circumference. Streams of *ſalt* water are ſeen running in every direction from the mountains, on the banks of which the fineſt ſalt grows in thick flakes, having much the appearance of frozen ſnow. Many of the hills ſeem compoſed entirely of ſalt, and the whole ſoil of the iſland is ſtrongly impregnated with that and ſulphur, which occaſions the intenſe heat ſo prevalent there.

After quitting Ormus, the Bombay frigate proceeded to Kiſhum, where Colonel Malcolm had an interview with the Imaum of Muſcat, on board his ſhip the Ganjava of 32 guns. After their departure from that place, they had an untoward wind for ſome time, which, however, became at laſt more favourable, and enabled them to run as far as Karrack, as the breeze was too freſh to permit of their anchoring in Buſhire. At Karrack they ſtayed only one day, and next morning, the wind becoming moderate, the whole of the embaſſy arrived in ſafety at Abu Sherer, from which place the frigate was diſpatched. Every arrangement having been made for the ſuite of the embaſſy, Colonel Malcolm was expected to move without loſs of time, to fulfil the object of the embaſſy; the coſtly preſents and baggage were immediately ſent forward under a ſtrong eſcort.

Loſs of the Queen Indiaman.

Extract of a letter from an officer on board the Kent Indiaman, dated from St Salvadore, on the coaſt of Brazil, the 17th of July 1800:—

"We ſhould have left this place ere now, but for a melancholy accident which has befallen the Queen Indiaman, which had put in here with us a few days ſince for want of water. On the 9th, between two and three o'clock A. M. our officer who had the watch on deck, diſcovered a ſmoke iſſuing from the gun-room ports of the Queen, which was moored a little way from us. Immediately we called the Captain and officers; for although no alarm was given from the Queen, yet as ſhe was evidently on fire, every exertion was made to man our boats with the fire engines, buckets, &c. for their aſſiſtance; but within a few minutes of our diſcovering the ſmoke, ſhe was completely in flames from ſtern to the bows, and in a few minutes more the three maſts were overboard. Unfortunately it blew very freſh, and a current of at leaſt three or four knots. This of courſe rendered it difficult for the boats to get alongſide to ſave the people; and ſo rapid were the flames, that about thirty ſoldiers periſhed below decks, being unable to get up the hatchways. The number of lives loſt is about 80. Captain Craig, with the ladies, were on ſhore. All the officers of the ſhip are ſaved; and fortunately for us, the current carried her clear of the bay, and ſhe drove a conſiderable diſtance before ſhe blew up about 7 A. M. The cauſe of the fire is not aſcertained, as no perſon had been in the gun-room after eight o'clock; and although ſeveral people ſlept over the gun-room ſcuttle, the ſmoke was not diſcovered till near three o'clock. The ſcene was dreadful, from the cries of between 200 and 300 men, and many periſhing in the flames or ſea. Thoſe that are ſaved are almoſt entirely naked, from being hurried out of their beds. The remaining troops, and all the paſſengers (about 300), proceed in the Kent to India. There are five ladies, and General St John and family, who are accommodated by the Captain of the Kent with his cabin apartment."

IRELAND.

Dublin—September 23.

A fellow named Haſpin, one of the proclaimed aſſociates of Dweyer's gang, was apprehended on Thurſday laſt in George's Quay, on his way to England. He was attempting to negociate an unaccepted draught upon a merchant of this city, for 15l.; but appearing to be entirely ignorant of the nature of the ſecurity he was deſirous of paſſing, a gentleman belonging to the Ordnance Office, who happened to be preſent, ſeized him, and upon ſearch found a piſtol loaded with ſlugs in his poſſeſſion. On being taken to the office of a magiſtrate, he was recognized, and uſeful diſcoveries are expected to follow his apprehenſion.

Cork—Oct. 7.

Philip Allan, Eſq. is choſen Mayor of Cork; and Henry Hickman and Wm. Lane, Eſqrs. Sheriffs.

Saturday ſe'ennight the outward bound Weſt India fleet ſailed from Cork, where it had been detained for ſome days, after putting back, by adverſe winds.

On Monday ſe'ennight, three cows, the property of Luke Hartigan, two cows the property of Cor. Cangney, and two cows belonging to Dan. Carroll and —— Begly, all men of good conduct, were barbarouſly houghed on the lands of Fort near Charleville.

About the hour of twelve, Tueſday night laſt, four villains armed with pitchforks, three of whom had their faces blackened, broke into the dwelling houſe of Michael Molony, farmer, at Redfield, near Bridgtown, county of Clare, and after beating the man and his wife in a cruel manner, robbed them of 25 guineas in gold, two bank notes, a piece of linen, and ſundry articles of wearing apparel.

A ſingular circumſtance recently occurred near Youghall:—A yearling calf was heard to make an uncommon noiſe by the ſide of the river Blackwater, where it had been drinking; on going up to it, there was a large pike hanging to its noſtrils, which had ſeized the calf while it was drinking, and which the animal had dragged about 50 yards from the river. One of the people diſengaged them, by ſtriking the pike with a ſtone, which killed it. There was found in the belly of this voracious fiſh a large rat, a perch entire, beſides part of ſeveral other fiſh. The pike weighed 35 pounds.

ENGLAND.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTES.

Admiralty Office, Aug. 23.

Copy of a letter from Captain John Wight, Commander of his Majeſty's ſloop Wolverene, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated at St Marcou the 19th inſtant.

SIR,

I beg you will be pleaſed to inform my Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, that this morning, having been informed by Captain Price, that ſome part of the enemy's convoy, conſiſting of two large ſloops, were attempting to make their eſcape from the mouth of the river Iſigny, and proceeding along ſhore to the eaſtward, I loſt no time in giving chace, having in company the Sparkler and Force gun-brigs. The enemy finding themſelves ſo hardly preſſed, and no probability of eſcaping, run themſelves on ſhore in the bay of Grand Camp, commanded on both ſides of the entrance by heavy batteries, which I attacked for near an hour, and was ably aſſiſted by Lieutenant Stephens, of the Sparkler, and Lieutenant Tokeley, of the Force, covering Lieutenant Gregory of the Wolverene, with the cutter and jolly boat with a party of marines, who gallantly boarded the largeſt veſſel, under the fire of three field-pieces, and near two hundred men with muſquetry within half piſtol-ſhot of the ſhore, and ſet her on fire, and otherwiſe diſabled her. The other was ſo completely ſhot through as to ſtop her further proceedings.

I am happy to have it in my power to inform their Lordſhips, that neither the veſſels or men ſuffered any thing, excepting three of the Wolverene's, who were a good deal burnt on board the ſloop by an exploſion of gunpowder. The enemy loſt four men killed on the beach.

I am, Sir, &c. *John Wight.*

Copy of a letter from Captain Durham, of his Majeſty's ſhip Anſon, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated Gibraltar, 27th June 1800.

SIR,

I beg you will be pleaſed to inform my Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, that this morning, at daylight, I diſcovered a large convoy, between forty

forty and fifty ſail of different deſcriptions, in the Straits of Gibraltar; I immediately got under weigh and gave chace: on our approach they got under the batteries, where they were covered by twenty-five gun boats, who, together with the forts, very much annoyed us; notwithſtanding, with the aſſiſtance of two Gibraltar row-boats, we captured eight, one of which was afterwards retaken; they prove to be Spaniards, bound from Malaga to Cadiz.

I have the ſatisfaction to inform their Lordſhips, that I have this moment returned to my anchorage with the prizes.

I feel much obliged to Captain Hay, of the Conſtance, for his diſpoſition of the armed boats, which, had it been calm, would have rendered our ſucceſs much more complete.

I am, &c. *P. C. Durham.*

Copy of another letter from Capt. Durham, of his Majeſty's ſhip Anſon, to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated Gibraltar, 30th June, 1800.

SIR,

I have great ſatisfaction to inform my Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, that laſt night I had an opportunity of cutting off two of the Spaniſh gun-boats (the Gibraltar and Salvador), who had been for ſeveral days a very great annoyance to my convoy; they are fine veſſels, commanded by King's Officers, mounting two eighteen pounders in the bow, and eight guns of different dimenſions, manned with ſixty men; they defended themſelves very gallantly, and I am afraid have loſt a number of men.

I am, &c. *P. C. Durham.*

Downing-ſtreet, Sept. 6.

A diſpatch, of which the following is a copy, has been this day received at the Office of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of his Majeſty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieutenant-General Sir James Pulteney, Bart. dated on board his Majeſty's ſhip Renown, at ſea, 27th Aug. 1800.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you, that the fleet, on board of which the troops under my command were embarked, arrived before the harbour of Ferrol, on the 25th inſtant.

I determined immediately to make a landing, with a view, if practicable, to attempt the town of Ferrol, being certain, if I found either the ſtrength of the place, or the force of the enemy too great to juſtify an attack, that in the landing there was no conſiderable riſk.

The diſembarkation was effected without oppoſition, in a ſmall bay near Cape Prior; the reſerve, followed by the other troops as they landed, immediately aſcended a ridge of hills adjoining to the bay: juſt as they had gained the ſummit the rifle corps fell in with a party of the enemy which they drove back. I have to regret that Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, who commanded this corps, was wounded on the occaſion. At day-break the following morning a conſiderable body of the enemy was driven back by Major-General the Earl of Cavan's brigade, ſupported by ſome other troops, ſo that we remained in complete poſſeſſion of the heights which overlook the town and harbour of Ferrol; but from the nature of the ground, which is ſteep and rocky, unfortunately this ſervice could not be performed without loſs. The firſt battalion of the 52d regiment had the principal ſhare in this action. The enemy loſt about 100 men killed and wounded, and 30 or 40 priſoners.

I had now an opportunity of obſerving minutely the ſituation of the place, and of forming, from the reports of priſoners, an idea of the ſtrength of the enemy; when, comparing the difficulties which preſented themſelves, and the riſk attendant on failure on one hand, with the proſpect of ſucceſs, and the advantages to be derived from it on the other, I came to the determination of re-embarking the troops, in order to proceed without delay on my further deſtination. The embarkation was effected the ſame evening in perfect order, and without loſs of any kind.

The ſpirit and alacrity ſhewn by the troops merit every commendation; and if circumſtances had admitted of their being led againſt the enemy, I ſhould have had every reaſon to expect ſucceſs.

I am under the greateſt obligations to the Admiral, Sir John Borlaſe Warren, and the officers of the navy, for the judicious arrangements made for the landing and reimbarkation of the troops, and the activity with which they were put in execution. The immediate direction of this ſervice was intruſted to

Sir

Sir Edward Pellew, who performed it in a manner highly creditable to himſelf, and advantageous to the ſervice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

James Pulteney.

Return of Killed and Wounded.

Royals, 2d bat.—1 rank and file killed; 1 rank and file wounded.
23d regiment—3 rank and file wounded.
27th ditto, 2d bat.—2 rank and file wounded.
54th ditto, 2d bat.—1 rank and file wounded.
52d ditto, 1ſt bat.—9 rank and file killed; 1 Captain, 1 ſerjeant, 1 drummer, 37 rank and file wounded.
52d ditto, 2d bat.—2 rank and file killed; 3 rank and file wounded.
63d ditto—4 rank and file killed; 2 rank and file wounded.
Rifle corps.—1 Lieutenant-Colonel, 2 Captains, 1 ſubaltern, 8 rank and file wounded.
79th regiment—2 ſerjeants, 2 rank and file wounded.
Total.—16 rank and file killed; 1 Lieutenant-Colonel, 3 Captains, 1 ſubaltern, 3 ſerjeants, 1 drummer, 59 rank and file wounded.

Names of Officers Dead of their Wounds and Wounded.

Captain Torrens, of the 1ſt battalion 52d regiment, dead of his wounds.
Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, of the 67th regiment, Captain Hamilton, of the 27th regiment, Captain Trevets, of the 79th regiment, Lieutenant Edmonſton, of the 2d battalion Royals (attached to the rifle corps) wounded.

J. Pulteney, Lieut. Gen.
L. Z. Moſſail, Dep. Adj. Gen.

Admiralty-Office, Sept. 6.

Copy of a letter from the Earl of St Vincent, K. B. Admiral of the White, &c. to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated off Uſhant, Sept. 2. 1800.

SIR,

For the information of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, I incloſe a letter this moment received from Rear Admiral Sir John Borlaſe Warren, of his Majeſty's ſhip Renown, and another from Captain Keats, of his Majeſty's ſhip the Boadicea. I am, &c.

St Vincent.

Copy of a letter from Rear-Admiral Sir John Borlaſe Warren, K. B. to Admiral the Earl of St Vincent, K. B. dated Renown, bay of Playa de Dominos, Auguſt 27, 1800.

MY LORD,

I beg leave to inform you that the ſquadron and convoy under my command arrived off this bay on the 25th inſtant, without having fell in with any thing excepting the St Vincent ſchooner, who had parted from Captain Curzon.

General Sir James Pulteney having deſired that the troops might be diſembarked, I directed Sir Edward Pellew to ſuperintend that ſervice, aſſiſted by Captains Hood, Dalrymple, Fyffe, and Stackpool, with Captains Guion, Searle, and Young, which was moſt ably performed on the ſame night in the bay above-mentioned, after a fort of eight twenty-four pounders had been ſilenced by the fire of the Impetueux, Brilliant, Cynthia, and St Vincent gun-boat; the whole army were on ſhore without the loſs of a man, together with ſixteen field-pieces, attended by ſeamen from the men of war to carry ſcaling ladders, and to get the guns up the heights above Ferrol.

On the morning of the 26th the General informed me, by letter, that from the ſtrength of the country and works, no further operations could be carried on, and that it was his intention to reimbark the troops, which I ordered to take place, and the Captains of the ſquadron to attend, and I have the ſatisfaction to add, that, by their indefatigable exertion, the whole army, artillery, and horſes, were again taken on board the tranſports and men of war before daybreak on the 27th.

I ſhall immediately proceed with the ſquadron and convoy, in purſuance of the latter part of your Lordſhip's orders.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. B. Warren.

Boadicea, off Ferrol, 20th Auguſt 1800.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to inform your Lordſhip of the capture of the Spaniſh ſhip La Union, of 650 tons, 22 guns, and 130 men, by his Majeſty's ſhip under my command, on the 14th inſtant; the ſhip ſailed from Corunna on the 13th,

was

was bound to Buenos Ayres, and has on board various merchandize.

I have the honour to be, &c.

R. G. Keats.

Admiral the Earl St Vincent.

Admiralty-Office, Sept. 13.

Copy of a letter from the Earl of St Vincent, K. B. Admiral of the White, &c. &c. &c. to Evan Nepean, Esq. dated on board the Royal George, off Uſhant, September 7, 1800.

SIR,

I incloſe letters from Rear-Admiral Sir John Warren, this moment received by the Brilliant.

I am, &c. *St Vincent.*

Renown, Vigo Bay, Sept. 2, 1800.

MY LORD,

I beg leave to inform you that, on having ordered Captain Hood of the Courageux to lead into this bay, I received a letter from him on the ſame evening, and immediately ordered two boats from this ſhip, the Impetueux, and London; and refer your Lordſhip to a letter which accompanies this, for the account of a gallant action performed by the boats of Captain Hood's detachment, under Lieutenant Burke's orders, whoſe merit upon this as well as former occaſions will, I truſt, induce your Lordſhip to recommend him to the favour of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, more eſpecially as he has been ſeverely wounded in the ſervice.

I have the honour, &c.

John Warren.

Earl of St Vincent, K. B.

His Majeſty's ſhip Courageux, Vigo Bay,

SIR, *30th Auguſt* 1800.

Perceiving yeſterday afternoon the French privateer in the harbour had removed for ſecurity near the Narrows of Redondella, cloſe to the batteries, where I thought there was a probability of her being attacked with ſucceſs; I ordered two boats from each ſhip named in the margin, (Amethyſt, Stag, Amelia, Brilliant, and Cynthia) with thoſe of the Renown, Impetueux, and London you ſent me, and four from the Courageux, commanded by Lieutenants volunteering their ſervices, to be ready at nine o'clock, and placed them under the direction of Lieutenant Burke, of the Renown, whoſe gallant conduct has ſo often merited your commendation. About forty minutes paſt twelve they attacked her with the greateſt bravery, meeting with deſperate reſiſtance, her Commander having laid the hatches over to prevent her people giving way, and cheered as the boats advanced, but notwithſtanding this determined oppoſition ſhe was carried in fifteen minutes.

I am ſorry to add Lieutenant Burke received a ſevere wound, but I hope not dangerous.—Our loſs has been as per incloſed liſt, the greater part occaſioned by the deſperate conduct of her Commander, who was mortally wounded.—Too much praiſe cannot be given to theſe deſerving officers and men who ſo gallantly ſupported Lieutenant Burke, and towed her out with much coolneſs through the fire of the enemy's batteries. I need not, Sir, comment on the ability and courage of the commanding Lieutenant, his former ſervices having gained your eſteem; and I have no doubt the ſufferings of his wound will be alleviated by that well known attention ſhewn to officers who have ſo gallantly diſtinguiſhed themſelves, for which I beg leave to offer my ſtrongeſt recommendation.

The privateer is a very fine ſhip, named La Guipe, of Bourdeaux, with a fluſh deck, three hundred tons, pierced for twenty-two guns, carrying eighteen nine-pounders, and one hundred and ſixty-one men, commanded by Citoyenne Dupan, ſtored and proviſioned in the completeſt manner for four months. She had twenty-five killed and forty wounded.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Samuel Hood.

A report of the Killed, Wounded, and Miſſing in the boats employed in taking the French privateer La Guipe, in Vigo Bay, on the evening of the 29th of Auguſt.

Lieutenant Henry Burke of the Renown, wounded.

Lieutenant John Henry Holmes and James Nourſe, of the Courageux, ſlightly wounded.

Three ſeamen and one marine killed.

Three officers, twelve ſeamen, and five marines, wounded.

One ſeaman miſſing.

(Signed) *Samuel Hood.*

Downing-ſtreet—Oct. 11.

A diſpatch of which the following is a copy, has been this day received by the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, one of his Majeſty's

Majeſty's Principle Secretaries of State, from Major General Pigot, commanding his Majeſty's troops in the iſland of Malta.

SIR, *Malta, Sept. 6, 1800.*

Conceiving that it may be of the utmoſt conſequence that his Majeſty's Miniſters ſhould be acquainted, as ſoon as poſſible, with the ſurrender of the important fortreſs of La Valette, I have deſired Mr Paget to diſpatch a meſſenger to England with a copy of my letter to Gen. Sir Ralph Abercromby on the ſubject, and the articles of capitulation, which are herewith ſent you.

We yeſterday took poſſeſſion of ſome of the works, and our ſhips entered the harbour, and I am in hopes the whole will be evacuated by the enemy to-morrow, except the iſland of Manuel, where, agreeable to the capitulation, ſuch are to remain as cannot be immediately ſent to France for want of ſhips to take them.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. Pigot, Major Gen.

To the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, &c.

SIR, *Malta, September 5.*

I have great ſatisfaction in acquainting you with the ſurrender of the fortreſs of La Valette, with all its dependencies, after ſuſtaining a blockade of two years. The capitulation has been ſigned this day.

I had every reaſon to ſuppoſe that this moſt formidable fortreſs was likely ſoon to fall, from the circumſtance of the two French frigates La Juſtice and La Diane going out of the harbour a few nights ago; one of which, La Diane, by the vigilance of the blockading ſquadron, was ſoon captured, and there are ſtill ſome hopes that the other may have ſhared the ſame fate.

Judging of how much conſequence it may be that you ſhould have the earlieſt intimation of this important capture, I have delayed till another opportunity ſending returns of the ſtores, &c. found in the place, which could not yet be made up.

During the ſhort time you were here, you muſt have been ſenſible of the great exertions which Brigadier General Graham muſt have made with the limited force he had, previous to my arrival with a reinforcement; he has ever ſince continued theſe exertions; and I conſider that the ſurrender of the place has been accelerated by the deciſion of his conduct, in preventing any more inhabitants from coming out of the fortreſs a ſhort time before I came here. He was ſent to negociate the terms of capitulation with General Vaubois, and I am much indebted to him for his aſſiſtance in that buſineſs.

I am happy to ſay, that I have experienced every ſupport from Brigadier General Moncrieff, and the officers of the Britiſh and allied troops, whoſe conduct in every reſpect has been moſt exemplary. The ſervice of the engineer department, under Captain Gordon, has been carried on with great zeal and perſeverance.

I think it right to mention to you, that Lieutenant Vivion, of the royal artillery, the Aſſiſtant Quarter-Maſter-General, has been of conſiderable ſervice. He was landed here with his party from the Strombolo bomb at the commencement of the blockade; and for a long time did duty with theſe few men without any other Britiſh or regular troops of any deſcription.

I have great pleaſure in acknowledging the conſtant and ready aſſiſtance and co-operation I have received from Captain Ball of his Majeſty's ſhip the Alexander, who has been employed on ſhore during the greater part of the blockade: His name and ſervices are already well known to his Majeſty's Miniſters; and I am ſure I need not ſay more than that thoſe he has performed here do credit to his former character.

I herewith tranſmit you the terms of the capitulation.

I have derived great aſſiſtance from my aide-de-camp Capt. Dalrymple, who has for ſome time been doing duty as Aſſiſtant Adjutant-General.

I have the honour to be, &c.

H. Pigot, Major Gen.

General Sir R. Abercromby, K. B. &c.

[Every thing that is material in this capitulation, which is very long, may be compriſed in a few words.—The garriſon, with the Malteſe adherents of the French, conſiſting of 12,000 men, are to be ſent to Marſeilles as priſoners of war; and are not to ſerve againſt his Britannic Majeſty until exchanged. All perſons, of every country, who had borne arms during the ſiege, were to be conſidered as part of the garriſon. General Vaubois endeavoured, but without ſucceſs,

ceſs, to include in the capitulation the veſſels which were in the port of Malta; and ſo apprehenſive were the French of the hatred which the inhabitants bore them, that it was ſtipulated, at the requeſt of General Vaubois, that none of the inhabitants ſhould be ſuffered to enter the place until the bulk of the garriſon was embarked, and out of ſight of the port.]

Admiralty-Office, Oct. 11. 1800.

Copy of a letter from Captain George Martin, of his Majeſty's ſhip Northumberland to Evan Nepean, Eſq. dated off St Paul's, the 5th Sept. 1800.

SIR,

As my Lord Keith is now at Mahon, and it may be ſome time before he has an opportunity of communicating with their Lordſhips, I have the honour to enclоſe a copy of my letter to his Lordſhip, giving an account of the ſurrender of the French garriſon of La Valette, and one of the 29th Auguſt, acquainting him of the capture of La Diane French frigate. I am, Sir, &c.

George Martin.

Northumberland, off Malta,

MY LORD, *Sept.* 5. 1800.

I have the honour to acquaint you, that the French garriſon of La Valette ſurrendered yeſterday to the allied forces ſerving at Malta, and to enclоſe a copy of the articles of capitulation.

I have not yet been able to obtain an account of the ordnance and ſtores in the garriſon: the moment it can be procured I will tranſmit it to your Lordſhip.

I enclоſe a liſt of the ſhips and veſſels found in the harbour.

I have the honour, &c.

George Martin.

The Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. Commander in Chief, &c.

A Liſt of Veſſels found in the Harbour of La Valette, when the Place capitulated.

L'Atenian, Malteſe ſhip of ſixty-four guns, in good condition.
Le Dego, Malteſe ſhip of ſixty-four guns, not in a ſtate to proceed to ſea.
La Cartagenoiſe, Malteſe frigate, not in a ſtate to proceed to ſea.
Two merchant ſhips wanting repair.
One brig, fit for ſea.
One xebeck, and two other ſmall veſſels.
Five or ſix gun-boats, not fit for ſervice.

Northumberland, off St Paul's,

MY LORD, *Aug.* 29. 1800.

I have the honour to acquaint you, that the frigates La Juſtice and La Diane ſailed from the harbour of La Valette on the night of the 24th, and were immediately purſued by his Majeſty's ſhips off that port; and that the latter, after a chace of ſome hours, and a running fight with the Succeſs, ſtruck to that ſhip, the Genereux, and Northumberland. La Juſtice, I am ſorry to add, eſcaped under cover of the night, and has not ſince been heard of.

La Diane mounts forty-two guns, eighteen and nine pounders, but had only one hundred and fourteen men on board, having left the remainder to aſſiſt in the defence of the garriſon.

I have the honour to be, &c.

George Martin.

The Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. Commander in Chief, &c.

(Here end the Gazettes.)

BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Oct. 7. This day their Lordſhips met purſuant to the laſt prorogation. His Majeſty's commiſſion was read, and the Parliament was further prorogued to the 11th November next.

The Lords Commiſſioners were, the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Portland, and Lord Harrington. The Commons were repreſented at the bar by Mr Dyſon, the clerk-aſſiſtant.

The Lord Mayor Elect.

Oct. 7. The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, met at Guildhall, to make the return of the Lord Mayor Elect.

When they came upon the huſtings, the Recorder read the names of the three Aldermen who had been propoſed for the important office.

At the final cloſe of the poll, the numbers ſtood thus:

Alderman Staines,	1371
The Lord Mayor,	1007
Alderman Newman,	886

The two firſt gentlemen were therefore returned to the Court of Aldermen for their choice, which fell upon Sir William Staines, who was then called upon by the Mace-bearer to come forward, and take upon him the office. The ceremony of ornamenting him with the gold chain being gone through, Sir

William came forward, and addreſſed the Livery nearly as follows:

"*Gentlemen of the Livery,*

"I am very much obliged to you for the high honour you have done me in electing me to this important ſituation, the duties of which I will diſcharge to the utmoſt of my abilities, with the kind aſſiſtance of my friends. I declare myſelf a friend to my King and country, and zealous for the relief of the poor; and if, during my continuance in office, any regraters or foreſtallers ſhould be complained of, I will do the utmoſt in my power to bring them to juſtice; and whenever I may err, or be deficient, I hope you will not impute it to want of inclination."

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs then came forward, and cloſed the Court.

Population of England.

On this intereſting ſubject much ignorance has hitherto prevailed. The uſeful and patriotic reſearches of the Agricultural Society have, however, made much progreſs in aſcertaining the fact, and have already eſtabliſhed the gratifying poſition, that the population of the country exceeds at leaſt two millions any eſtimate heretofore.

The following table is in ſome inſtances formed from actual enumeration, and in others from eſtimates of births, of houſes, &c. and includes cities, towns, &c.

Counties.	*Inhabitants,*	*Acres cultivated.*	*Proportion to one Inhabitant.*
Berks,	115,000	436,430	3 3-4th Acres.
Derby,	135,000	720,640	5 8-10th ditto
Durham,	80,000	610,000	8th ditto
Stafford,	250,000	780,800	3 1-10th ditto
Hereford,	90,000	781,440	8 7-10th ditto
Lancaſhire,	425,000	1,129,600	2 6-10th ditto
Kent,	200,000	893,600	4 ½ ditto
Norfolk,	220,000	1,094,400	5 ditto
Eſſex,	320,000	1,240,000	4 ditto
Cambridge,	83,000	445,300	5 3-10th ditto
Rutland,	20,000	105,000	5 2-10th ditto
Huntingdon,	50,000	240,000	5 ditto
Northampton,	161,600	582,400	3 ½ ditto
Hants,	200,000	1,212,000	6 ditto
Weſt York,	400,000	1,568,000	4 ditto
Devon,	400,000	1,600,000	4 ditto
Somerſet,	350,000	1,000,000	3 ditto
Dorſet,	89,000	775,000	8 7-10th ditto
	3,674,600	15,994,100	4 3-10th Acres
Middleſex,	648,000	179,200	1 acre to 3 6-10th Inhabitants.

The cultivated land in England exceeds thirty-nine millions of acres, which, of the foregoing rate of 4 3-10th acres to each perſon, makes the total number of inhabitants 8,960,141, to which adding 643,833, the exceſs of Middleſex beyond the above proportion, gives a population of 9,603,974, excluſive of ſailors, ſoldiers, and the inhabitants of the Britiſh iſlands.

On an average of twenty-nine years, there is within the bills of mortality an annual decreaſe of interments to the number of 3130; the averaged number of baptiſms is 18,704; of burials 19,826; but it is computed that there are more than 1000 births a-year where the children are either not chriſtened or not regiſtered.

One of the largeſt porter vats in the north of England, or out of the city of London, has been juſt finiſhed at the Pan brewery, Biſhopwearmouth, belonging to Mr Elſtob and Co.—On Saturday

turday ſe'ennight (Sept. 28,) about 40 perſons were commodiouſly ſeated in it at ſupper, at one table, extending the length of the tranſverſe diameter. After ſupper a number of ladies were introduced, muſic was called in, and the ſpace on each ſide of the table was occupied by parties dancing country dances. The whole was conducted with the greateſt order, and the company, after ſpending the evening in great glee and conviviality, ſeparated in equal good humour. The novelty of the ſcene attracted numbers of both ſexes, who ventured to the top of the vat to ſee ſuch a curious ſpectacle. It will contain between five and ſix thouſand firkins.—The above ſingular feſtivity had ſcarcely concluded and the company retired, when the back part of the building, an old wall, fell with a moſt tremendous craſh into the vat.—A moſt providential eſcape!—as a little ſooner would have been inevitable death to the whole of this joyous aſſemblage.

The laſt accounts from India, (received Sept. 1800) mention, that a flight of locuſts, ſeveral miles in extent, and ſo thick, as in their progreſs wholly to obſcure the ſun, had paſſed over Malda, Rajemal, and Helebas, fortunately for the terrified inhabitants, without ſtopping. From Helebas, they directed their courſe along the Jemna, towards Agra; in the neighbourhood of that city they are ſtated to have deſcended, and to have totally deſtroyed the vegetation of the diſtrict.

Dreadful Fire at Wapping.

Oct. 6. This morning, between ſeven and eight o'clock, a fire broke out at the warehouſes of Meſſ. Tydy's and St Barbe's, ſhip-chandlers, in Wapping Street, and, before aſſiſtance could be procured, had communicated to the neighbourhood. From the want of water, the engines that reached the ſpot could be of no ſervice until about ten o'clock, when water was ſupplied; at which time that part of the ſtreet extending from Wapping New Stairs to Execution Dock was enveloped in flames, the greater part of Meſſ. Curtis and Co.'s brewery and dwelling-houſe was deſtroyed, the Marine Police Office was entirely burned down; the Dundee Arms, ſhops and warehouſes of every deſcription, and a large timber-yard, in which there was near 20,000l. worth of timber, was completely in flames, and at length the extenſive cooperage of Mr James ſhared the ſame fate.

Here the fire attained its greateſt power, by communicating itſelf to immenſe piles of ſtaves and hoops belonging to the cooperage, which rendered the ſight extremely terrific and awful.

About an hour before this period, perhaps a more diſtreſſing ſcene could not be witneſſed than that which was exhibited by the poor inhabitants, in Queen's Head Alley, and courts adjoining, who were not inſured, each endeavouring to ſave what little furniture they could, at the hazard of their lives. Two families were employed, with ſome friendly aſſiſtants, in clearing their houſes of the furniture, when a dreadful explo-ſion took place in an adjoining houſe, occaſioned by a quantity of gun-powder taking fire, by the ſhock of which theſe two houſes were thrown down, and the unhappy people in them buried in the ruins.

The cries of the ſurrounding people were truly diſtreſſing for the fate of the unfortunate ſufferers, and many immediately ſet to work to dig them out of the ruins; ſome were taken out alive, and ſent directly to the hoſpitals; the greater part were taken out dead, and ſome were not found. The ſhock which the exploſion occaſioned was felt for ſome miles round the metropolis.

Two young lads, belonging to a mathematical inſtrument-maker, are alſo ſuppoſed to have periſhed in the flames, as they have never been ſeen ſince the houſe in which they were was conſumed.

The conflagration towards the evening ſpread itſelf in the direction of Green Bank and Red Lion Street, and though conſiderably abated, ſtill much danger was apprehended, and a number of the engines kept playing in Red Lion Street, which faced the flames, in hopes to arreſt its further progreſs; but it was not till Tueſday morning that the fire was completely extinguiſhed.

The avenues to the ſpot where the fire was venting its fury were ſo extremely narrow, that the engines, when they arrived, had ſcarce room to play, and every attempt to get the flames under was unavailing. The Volunteer Corps of Wapping, Ratcliffe, and the

adjoining pariſhes, attended ſoon after the accident was diſcovered; and their exertions were of the utmoſt importance in enabling the ſufferers to ſave part of their property.

The fire is ſaid to have been occaſioned by the boiling over of a pitch pot, which had been left to the care of a boy while the workmen were gone to breakfaſt, who had been employed nearly the whole of the night in order to complete ſome rigging which was to be finiſhed at a fixed time. As ſoon as the fire was diſcovered, large quantities of gun-powder, which were ſtored in Meſſ. Tydy's warehouſes, were immediately removed; upwards of two hundred barrels, according to ſome, were removed juſt in time to be ſaved; a few barrels, however, were rolled to a houſe over the way by ſome perſons ignorant of what they contained; they caught fire by ſome accident, and the blowing up of the houſe was the conſequence, together with the loſs of ſeveral lives.

Curtis's brew-houſe has not been burned; the ſudden ſhifting of the wind prevented the flames from reaching it. His houſe, which ſtood oppoſite, is deſtroyed. The progreſs of the flames was ſo rapid, that many of the counting-houſe books have fallen a prey to their fury.

It was at laſt thought prudent, to prevent the fire from communicating farther to the eaſtward, to pull down ſome of the ſheds and buildings, which was done with great activity by thoſe employed, and which, in all probability, ſaved a great number of houſes from being deſtroyed.

What added to the calamity and diſtreſs a fire in that part of the town muſt occaſion, was the alarming ſcarcity of water, there being hardly enough to keep the engines tolerably ſupplied.

Every thing from Green Bank to the water's ſide has been deſtroyed by the fire.

Things wore ſo alarming an aſpect in the early part of the day, that the greater number of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood moved their goods, &c. to Wapping Church-yard for ſafety.

The light produced in the air by the fire could laſt night be diſtinctly ſeen in the moſt diſtant parts of the town.

The damages produced by this conflagration are eſtimated at 200,000l.

SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH.

Magiſtrates of Edinburgh.

Sept. 30. This day the Magiſtrates and Council walked in proceſſion, from the Council Chamber to the High Church, where an excellent diſcourſe was preached by the Rev. Mr Black, one of the miniſters of this city. After divine ſervice, they returned to the Council Chamber, and proceeded to the election of Magiſtrates for the enſuing year; and next day the Council was filled up, and the government of the city veſted in the following gentlemen:

The Right Hon. WILLIAM FETTES of Comely-Bank, *Lord Provoſt.*

James Carſrae, Eſq.
Malcolm Wright, Eſq.
James Dewar, Eſq.
Thomas M'Ritchie, Eſq. } *Bailies.*

James Jackſon, Eſq. *Dean of Guild.*

Thomas Henderſon, Eſq. *Treaſurer.*

Sir James Stirling, Bart. *Old Provoſt.*

David Williſon, Eſq.
Robert Bow, Eſq.
Archibald Menzies, Eſq.
Archibald Campbell, Eſq. } *Old Bailies.*

Archibald Gilchriſt, Eſq. *Old Dean of Guild.*

Peter Hill, Eſq. *Old Treaſurer, and College Treaſurer.*

Meſſ. James Law, *Convener,*
David Lindſay, ſen.
James Galbraith,
James Hunter,
George Muirhead,
William Purcell, } *Ordinary Council Deacons.*

James M'Kay,
Adam Dalmahoy,
Andrew Milligan,
Robert Dickſon,
William Baine,
Andrew Wilſon,
Archibald Douglas,
Andrew Gairdner, } *Extraordinary Council Deacons.*

Richard Bannatyne,
John Fairbairn,
John Walker, } *Merchant Counſellors.*

William Ranken,
Thomas Kennedy, } *Trades Counſellors.*

Robert Bow, Eſq. *Admiral of Leith.*

Archibald Menzies, Eſq. *Baron Bailie* of Canongate.

Archibald Campbell, Eſq. *Baron Bailie* of Portſburgh and Potter-row.

Dundee, Sept. 30.

Yeſterday a duel took place in the neighbourhood of Dundee, between Lieut. Stewart Watſon of the Marines, and

and Enſign Godfrey Magarey of the 3d N. B. Militia, when the former received a ſhot which proved fatal. Enſign G. Magarey has abſconded, as alſo E. B. O'Keeffe, late Lieutenant in the 71ſt regiment, and Enſign James Bryſon of the 3d N. B. Militia, who appear to have been the ſeconds.

(One of the ſeconds has ſince returned and ſurrendered himſelf.)

Oct. 2. The Lord Provoſt and Magiſtrates viſited the priſon of this city, and minutely inſpected the different apartments. The whole was found clean and in good order, and the priſoners as comfortable as their circumſtances would admit.

Mr Allan Dow is appointed Writing-Maſter in the High School, in the room of Mr Dougald Maſterton, deceaſed.

Oct. 7. This morning the poſt-boy, carrying the mail containing the bags from Edinburgh, Berwick, and Coldſtream, to Kelſo, Jedburgh, &c. was attacked and robbed about two miles to the eaſtward of Kelſo.

Oct. 9. As a poor old woman from Dunbar, with a creel full of herrings on her back, was wading through the Tyne near Tyningham, ſhe was carried down by the violence of the current of the river, which had been conſiderably ſwelled by the late rains, and the tide together, and being entangled with her burden, was in imminent danger of periſhing. Lord Binning, who was riding paſt at the moment, obſerving the poor creature's danger, threw himſelf from his horſe, plunged into the water up to the neck, and, with conſiderable difficulty and danger to himſelf, dragged her out. The circumſtance was witneſſed by ſome maſons, who were at work on the banks of the river, and who were amuſing themſelves at the poor woman's jeopardy, without offering to give her any aſſiſtance. After his Lordſhip had ſeen her ſafely lodged in a neighbouring cottage, and given the neceſſary directions for having proper care taken of her, he went up to remonſtrate with theſe fellows on the inhumanity of their conduct, who alledged, in excuſe, that the woman was in liquor. His Lordſhip very properly gave them a ſevere rebuke, telling them, that even though that had been the caſe, as really if was not, it certainly was no apology for their conduct. So humane and generous an action, by this reſpectable young nobleman, deſerves to be mentioned as a very honourable trait in his character.

Oct. 15. A farm of 160 acres, upon the land of Reſtalrig, within a mile and a half of Edinburgh, was let by public roup on a leaſe of ten years, for 1110l. per annum.

Oct. 15. The Magiſtrates of Edinburgh appointed the following Gentlemen reſident Bailies of Leith:

Ellis Martin, Eſq.
William Sibbald, Eſq.

Oct. 16. The Rev. Dr Thomſon, miniſter of Markinch, Fifeſhire, was admitted miniſter of the New Grey Friars Church in this city, in room of the Rev. Dr Brown, now miniſter of the Old Church.

Oct. 17. We have much pleaſure in receiving from Elgin, information of a meeting held there of this date, for the purpoſe of providing corn and meal to the inhabitants for the enſuing year.—The Magiſtrates, Kirk-Seſſion, Incorporations, Friendly Societies, Manufacturers, and Corn Merchants, have ſubſcribed *Four Thouſand Guineas* for that uſeful purpoſe; which, even during the exiſtence of general ſcarcity, will ſecure a plentiful weekly market, at a reaſonable rate. A public kitchen for the relief of the indigent poor, was alſo propoſed, and a very handſome ſum ſubſcribed to carry it into effect.

Oct. 20. The herring fiſhery commenced in the Firth of Forth. Each boat had from 3000 to 4000 of very fine herrings, and from the proſpects, it is ſuppoſed there will be a more abundant fiſhing than laſt ſeaſon.

Very fine herrings are now ſelling in the Edinburgh market at 2d and 2½d per dozen.

Oct. 28. Laſt night, between 7 and 8 o'clock, as Andrew Allan, coachman to the Counteſs of Glencairn, was coming to town from the Coats, in the neighbourhood of this city, he was attacked near Kirkbrachead toll by three perſons, one of whom ſtruck him ſo deſperate a blow on the head with a bludgeon, as to occaſion his death this morning. Two of the perſons were apprehended, and after being examined by the Sheriff committed to priſon; but the third, who, it is ſaid, ſtruck the fatal blow, has hitherto eluded the officers of juſtice. His name is Samuel Heriot, a ſkinner.

Ex-

Extract of a Letter from Perth.

"A very ſingular affair has occurred about nine miles above Dunkeld, and near the Paſſage Boat of Tummell, above Logierait. Two men employed in caſting a ditch, uncovered the ſkeleton of a human body, which ſeems to have been buried but a few years. The ſituation in which it was found is very remarkable: It was in a ſpot which, within theſe three years, was about the centre of a very thick copſe of wood. The ground has lately been cleared of the timber, and the body accidentally diſcovered, but there cannot exiſt a doubt of its having been depoſited there as a place of great privity and concealment. Report, as uſual in ſuch caſes, is very buſy; how far the following facts are connected with the preſent diſcovery is as yet uncertain, but they are pretty remarkable:—About ſix years ſince a ſtrayed horſe, ſaddled and bridled, was found not very diſtant from this ſpot; no owner appeared for him, and the horſe was accordingly ſold at Dunkeld ſoon after, for payment of expences. Much about the ſame time, a young man, a drover from Badenoch, who had been in the low country ſelling black cattle, did not return home, and has never ſince been heard of; he had a good deal of money on him, and, it was ſuppoſed, had gone off with it to America. It is not impoſſible but, even at this diſtance of time, ſuch circumſtances may be traced out as to diſcover a tranſaction apparently ſo criminal."

Magiſtrates of Glaſgow.

JOHN HAMILTON, Eſq. *Lord Provoſt.*

W. Wardlaw, Eſq. P. Bald, Eſq. R. Tenant, Eſq. *Bailies.*

Meſſ. John Stenhouſe, *Maſter of Police.*
John Millar, *Treaſurer, and Clerk to the Commiſſioners.*
Robert Nimmo, *Clerk of the Police.*

Magiſtrates of Aberdeen.

JOHN DINGWALL, Eſq. unanimouſly re-elected *Provoſt.*

William Shepherd, Eſq.
Peter Duguid, Eſq.
William Lumſden, Eſq.
Walter Sime, Eſq. } *Bailies.*

George Sim, Eſq. *Dean of Guild.*
George Thomſon, Eſq. *Treaſurer.*
Mr Alexander Fraſer, *Shoremaſter.*
Mr James Mackie, *Maſter of Kirk and Bridge Works.*
Mr John Donald, *Maſter of Mortifications.*
Mr Robert Tower, *Maſter of Guild Brethrens Hoſpital.*

Provoſt George More,
Provoſt Thomas Leys,
Meſſ. Alexander Bremner,
Gavin Handen,
James Maſſon,
Thomas Black, } *Merchant Counſellors.*

Deacon George Smith, glazier, Deacon George Henderſon, baker, *Trades Counſellors*

BIRTHS.

In Berkeley-ſquare, London, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Haldane, a ſon.

Sept. 22. Mrs Dickinſon, Harrietfield, a ſon.

30. Mrs Home, wife of Mr James Home, writer in Kelſo, a daughter.

Oct. 3. Mrs Hall, wife of Mr Hall, ſurgeon, Coldſtream, a daughter.

5. At Creſſelly, in Pembrokeſhire, the Lady of James Mackintoſh, Eſq. Barriſter at Law, a daughter.

10. Mrs Hay, of Spott, a ſon.

12. At Middleburgh, the Lady of Alex. Ferrier, Eſq. a ſon.

13. At the Barns of Caſtle Grant, the wife of Mr John M'Laren, overſeer of Sir James Grant's farm there, of three fine boys, each of them healthy and thriving.

23. Mrs Ruſſell, a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

At Kingſton, Jamaica, Francis Farquhar Eſq. of Vere, to Miſs S. Grant.

Captain Murray, of the Breadalbane regiment, to Miſs Hamilton of Grange, near Strabane.

At London, Mr John M'Lachlan, Bannachra, to Miſs Innes of Barbant Court.

Sept. 19. In London, Dr Alexander Mouro jun. to Miſs Smyth, daughter of Dr Carmichael Smyth, Phyſician Extraordinary to his Majeſty.

At Monkwood, near Ayr, Mr William Dunlop, jun. ſurgeon in Glaſgow, to Miſs Ann Fergusſon, ſiſter to James Fergusſon of Croſhill, Eſq. Advocate.

23. The rev. James Trail Sturrock, Vicar of Seapatrick, Ireland, to Miſs Annabella Stewart of Ballydrain.

24. George Brown Eſq. merchant in Hull, to Miſs Sarah Robinſon, ſecond daughter of Thomas Robinſon, Eſq.

25. At Polkemmet Houſe, James Johnſton, Eſq. of Straiton, to Miſs Mary Baillie, ſecond daughter to Lord Polkemmet.

Sept.

Sept. 27. At London, Alex. Crichton, M. D. F. R. S. to Miſs Dodwell, only daughter of Edward Dodwell, Eſq. of Weſt Moleſey, Surry.

—. By ſpecial licence, at Whitley, Sir Wharton Amcotts, Bart. M. P. for Eaſt Retford, in Nottinghamſhire, to Miſs Campbell, daughter of the late Duncan Campbell, Eſq. of Whitley, Northumberland.

—. At Newcaſtle, Mr Thomas Johnſon, linen draper, to Miſs Muckle, both of that town.

29. At Paiſley, Mr James Bowie, manufacturer, to Miſs Elizabeth Fyfe, daughter of Mr John Fyfe, manufacturer.

Oct. 1. At Ayr, Robert Hepburn of Clerkington, Eſq. Major of the 10th (or Edinburgh) militia, to Miſs Katharine Gordon, third daughter of the late Hon. Alexander Gordon (Lord Rockville,) and the Counteſs Dowager of Dumfries and Stair.

6. Alexander Campbell, Eſq. merchant in Glaſgow, to Miſs Barbara Campbell, daughter of John Campbell, Eſq. of Jura.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr John Archibald Bertram, merchant, Leith, to Miſs Anne Brown Broughton, youngeſt daughter of Edward Broughton, Eſq. Accountant General of Exciſe.

—. At Edinburgh, Captain Charles Greig, of the Hon. Eaſt India Company's ſervice, to Miſs Mary Anne Anderſon.

12. Major Weſt, to Miſs Mercer, daughter to Major Mercer.

13. At Glaſgow, Mr William Jeffrey merchant, Glaſgow, to Miſs Elizabeth Watſon, daughter of the late Mr William Watſon.

—. At Woodhead-houſe, John Kincaid of Kincaid, Eſq. to Miſs Cecilia Lennox, youngeſt daughter of the late William Lennox of Woodhead, Eſq.

18. At Glenderuell Houſe, the Rev. Mr Charles Stewart, miniſter of Strachur, to Miſs Catharine Campbell.

20. At Glaſgow, Mr James Neilſon, merchant, to Miſs Agnes Jamieſon, eldeſt daughter of the deceaſed Dr Samuel Jamieſon of Virginia.

20. John Fead, Eſq. of Duncow, to Miſs Agnes Robſon.

—. At Leith, James Gilleſpie, Eſq. manufacturer in Anderſton, to Miſs Elizabeth Sherriff, eldeſt daughter of Robert Sherriff, Eſq. Leith.

Oct. 20. At Dumfries, J. Morin, Eſq. of Laggan, writer in Edinburgh, to Miſs Newal, daughter of David Newal, Eſq. writer in Dumfries.

21. Dr Lynch, of Barbadoes, to Miſs Maria Dickſon, of Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

On his paſſage to the Cape of Good Hope, William Maxwell, Eſq. eldeſt ſon of George Maxwell, Eſq. of Carruchan.

In June laſt, on board the Creſcent frigate, in the Weſt Indies, Mr Charles Hunter, ſurgeon of that veſſel, and late of the Martin ſloop of war.

On the 9th of July laſt, at St Salvadore, on his paſſage to Madras, in endeavouring to eſcape from the unfortunate ſhip Queen Eaſt Indiaman, Dr Gregory Mackenzie, eldeſt ſon of Mr Kenneth Mackenzie, apothecary here.

Amongſt the unfortunate ſufferers on board the Queen Eaſt India ſhip, was Edward Mayne, Eſq. younger of Powis Logie, writer in the ſervice of the Hon. Eaſt India Company. This amiable young man fell a victim to his generous humanity. When juſt about to ſtep into the boat which was to carry him from the awful ſcene, he recollected that there was an unfortunate paſſenger confined by ſickneſs to his cabin. He flew to reſcue him from the impending deſtruction, and in a ſhort time appeared with the hapleſs invalid on his ſhoulders.—Alas! it was too late; the boat had put off, and in a few minutes the ſhip blew up.

Mr Peter Brougham, third ſon of Henry Brougham, Eſq. of Brougham-Hall, at St Salvadore, 11th July laſt, on his paſſage to the Eaſt Indies.

In Dublin, the Earl of Clanwilliam.

At Ramſgate, in the 18th year of his age, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Mr William Spottiſwoode, ſecond ſon of John Spottiſwoode of Spottiſwoode, Eſq.

Lately, Mr Thomas Henry of Downpatrick. This Gentleman was unfortunately thrown from his horſe, on his way home, whereby his neck was diſlocated, and he expired before medical aſſiſtance could be got.

Mrs Bethune, widow of the late Rev. Mr Bethune (miſſionary to Jamaica), and her youngeſt child, on their paſſage from Jamaica.

At Kingſton, Jamaica, Quartermaſter Bailey, of the 20th Light Dragoons.

A few days ſince, at her lodgings in London, Lady Douglas, relict of the late Sir Charles Douglas, Bart. Rear Admiral of the Blue.

At Munſter, aged 87, the Cardinal de la Rochefoucault, Archbiſhop of Rouen.

At an advanced age, in Palace-row, Dublin,

Dublin, the Right Hon. Barry Maxwell, Earl Viſcount, and Baron of Farnham. The Earl is ſucceeded by his ſon (iſſue by his firſt lady) John James, Lord Maxwell, Knight of the ſhire for the county of Cavan.

Richard Humphrys Eſq Army Agent, late of the 28th regiment of foot.

Lately, Mr John Miller, ſhip owner, South Shields, whoſe melancholy fate has excited a general regret. Going from Shields to London, in his own veſſel, by a ſudden motion of the ſhip he was thrown into the ſea, thro' the main chains, in preſence of his wife and family, and ſunk before any aſſiſtance could be given him.

Aug 29. At the Cove of Cork, Mr John Black, ſurgeon of the La Prompt.

Sept. 4. At Guthrie, Lieut. David Gunn, of the 66th regiment.

11. At Dunſe, John Neſbet, at the very advanced age of 107.—He was born in the pariſh of Oldhamſtocks, in the county of Eaſt Lothian, and entered early into the ſervice of the States General—was preſent at the ſiege of Bergen-op-Zoom, where he was ſeverely wounded by a bayonet, being thruſt through his body; in conſequence of which he was ſoon afterwards diſcharged. From that period until the day of his death, he ſupported himſelf almoſt wholly by his own induſtry.

16. At Lupton, near Kendal, aged 99 years, Mrs Dawſon, wife of Mr P. Dawſon of that place. Mr D. is 101 years of age, and retains all his faculties.

20. Mrs G. Montgomery, ſiſter to the late Vaughan Montgomery, Eſq.

21. At Stratford, Ireland, Mr Thomas Cairnie, in the 72d year of his age, formerly acting partner of Dalquhurn Printfield, Dunbartonſhire.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Dugald Maſterton, writing maſter.

28. Mr Robert Gray, late ſolicitor at Law, and long preſes of that ſociety.

29. At Glaſgow, ſuddenly, Mr James Campbell, ſaddler.

Oct. 1. Mr John Robertſon, ſen. merchant in Glaſgow.

—. On board his Majeſty's ſhip Veteran, in Yarmouth Roads, Capt George Young, of the Marines.

2. At Paiſley, Lieut.-Col. Andrew Houſton of Jordanhill.

3. At Logierait, the Rev. Dr Thomas Biſſet, in the 70th year of his age, and the 46th of his miniſtry.

—. At Cheſters, Miſs Elizabeth Ogilvie, eldeſt daughter of Thomas Elliot Ogilvie, Eſq. of Cheſters.

6. At Gateſide of Upper Locherwoods, Agnes Dickſon, relict of Mr John Dickſon of Upper Locherwoods.

7. At Quarryholes, near Edinburgh, Capt. Robert Rutherford, late of Capehope.

Oct. 7. At Saliſbury Green, Mrs Elizabeth Butler, relict of the late David Butler, Eſq. Pembrokeſhire.

—. At Dumfries, Mr Thomas Reid, late merchant in America.

10. At Stirches, Mrs Chiſholm of Stirches.

—. At Shieldhall, Mr John Oſwald, eldeſt ſon of Alexander Oſwald, Eſq. of Shieldhall.

12. At Durris, Miſs Margaret Innes, eldeſt daughter of John Innes of Durris, Eſq.

—. At Glaſgow, Miſs Jean Peters, daughter of the late Thomas Peters, Eſq. of Croſsbaſket,

13. At Shettleſtown, Mr James Carmichael, late merchant in Glaſgow.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Cullen, relict of Robert Cullen of Parkhead, Eſq.

14. At Paiſley, Miſs Annabella Maxwell, daughter of the deceaſed Charles Maxwell, Eſq of Merkſworth.

—. At Pitcullen, Mrs Mary Keir, daughter of the late Wm. Keir, Eſq. of Rinmouth.

15. At the Manſe of Cardroſs, the Rev. Alexander M'Auley.

—. At her houſe in Hanover Street, Mrs Loch, widow of Mr James Loch, King's Remembrancer in Exchequer.

16. At Kinloch, William Calderwood Nairne, eldeſt ſon of Lieut.-Col Alexander Nairne of Drumkilbo.

17. At Glaſgow, Mr David Ranken, perfumer.

—. At Nottingham, Mr Benjamin Bailey, of Gooſegate. He was married the preceding day.

—. At London, George Cockburn, Eſq. Enſign of the 3d regiment of foot guards, ſon of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir James Cockburn, Bart.

—. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Henderſon, widow of the late rev. Mr Patrick Bennet of Whiteſide.

—. At London, George Cockburn, Eſq. Enſign of the third regiment of foot-guards, ſon of the late Lieut. Col. Sir James Cockburn, baronet.

18. At Edinburgh, Miſs Grizel Baillie, eldeſt daughter of the late Hon. George Baillie of Jervilwood.

19. Mr David Richardſon of Fen-church ſtreet, London.

—. At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Palmer, relict of Mr Alexander Palmer.

—. At Roſebank, near Stirling, Mrs Anne Hay, relict of Mr John Haddaway, merchant in Leith.

—. At Bairns-hall, near Aberdeen, Mrs Margaret Burnett, relict of R. Byres, Eſq.

23. At Glaſgow, Miſs Eliſabeth Rainey, daughter of the deceaſed Mr Robert Rainey, merchant.

26. At Leadclune, in his 83d year, Hugh Fraſer of Leadclune, Eſq.